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SERIOUS RESERVATIONS must be made to many of the views expressed in President Hoover's special message on war debts. He hints, for example, that we cannot revise these debts without "definite compensations." What are these compensations to be? Shall they be lower tariffs abroad on American goods? And will this be any contribution to world stability so long as our tariff remains at its present extravagant levels, and is even jacked up from time to time, as it was on December 16 by President Hoover's own order raising rates on eight items? Yet when all reservations are made, the essence of the President's message on war debts is statesmanlike, and one can only regret that Mr. Hoover had not the courage to take such a stand before we had driven seven nations to default. The heart of the President's new proposal is in this paragraph:

> A year ago I requested that Congress should authorize creation of a debt commission to deal with situations which were bound to arise. The Congress did not consider this wise. In the situation as it has developed, it appears necessary for the Executive to proceed. Obviously, any conclusions would be subject to approval by the Congress. On the other hand, should the Congress prefer to authorize creation of a debt commission set up along the lines above indicated, it would meet my hearty approval.

What President Hoover now says, in other words, is that he hopes for a revival by Congress of something like the World War Foreign Debt Commission, because the complex questions involved call for special knowledge and cannot be adequately handled by ordinary diplomatic exchanges, but that if he does not get cooperation from Congress he will go ahead anyway. And his reason is the obvious one that we cannot afford to wait until March 4 next to get such vital negotiations under way. Obviously, this program cannot be successful without the immediate and whole-hearted cooperation, which Mr. Hoover invites, of the President-elect. Mr. Roosevelt's duty is clear. No merely technical quibbles should any longer be allowed to stand in the way of immediate adjustment of what will undoubtedly be one of the most important questions with which he will be called upon to deal in his whole term.

OWEN D. YOUNG'S TESTIMONY in the Insull case will profoundly shock his friends and admirers. It will be recalled that in January, 1929, Mr. Insull let Mr. Young in for a good thing by permitting him to have a four-thousand-share interest in Insull Utility Investments at an insider's price of $12 a share, while the public was allowed to purchase at $30 or above; it went to $149. Mr. Young testified that he thoroughly approved of the capital set-up of this company, which was the one that brought the whole Insull structure crashing to earth. Mr. Young was the ideal stockholder. He testified on December 16 that he "paid no attention to the investment and did not even read the annual reports" of the company, not because "I deal carelessly with investments, but because it would have made no difference with this particular investment. I could not have sold at any time in that period to make a profit or take a loss without incurring Mr. Insull's displeasure." He did not even dare to ask about the status of the company when Mr. Insull came to him and demanded, in December, 1930, a $2,000,000 loan from the General Electric Company. He promptly got the money because, as Mr. Young put it, "'he was one of our best customers," and despite the fact that all banks had refused him further loans. When Mr. Young was asked if he inquired what Mr. Insull was going to use the money for, he replied: "I, as Chairman of the Board of the General Electric Company, would not have asked Mr. Insull what he was going to do with the money." So the General Electric went into the banking business and lent its stockholders' $2,000,000 to an already bankrupt concern. Within two months Samuel Insull was back asking Mr. Young to help him stave off his bank creditors, which Mr. Young was able to do for a few weeks. This is only part, and perhaps the least damaging, of Mr. Young's testimony, to which we shall refer at length in a later issue.

THE CONGRESS of the United States has at last voted the independence of the Philippines and thereby an act of justice has been in part achieved for which *The Nation* has never ceased to contend since the United States wantonly conquered the Islands in 1899 at a heavy cost of lives. For this we give thanks, even though the action has been marred by the strings tied to it—as is well set forth by Raymond

Leslie Buell on another page. That the utterly selfish conditions attached to the bill jeopardize the existence of the future nation, and that we are launching it in the least generous and most hypocritical manner, is obvious. The news that the bill as it stands today has won the support neither of the Filipinos nor of the American residents in the Islands speaks for itself. Selfishness has, indeed, dictated the whole outcome with most of the members of Congress. We blush to say it, but the truth is, of course, that Philippine freedom was granted only because the free admission of Philippine products into the United States has unfavorably affected our own parasitic, government-maintained sugar industry. Well, we care less what the motive is than for the fact that Congress has voted independence at last. It may have to be done over—Mr. Hoover may veto the bill, or its obvious deceit may compel its reconstruction—but if independence has once gone through, it can go through again. Meanwhile Manila threatens a boycott of all American goods to make its sense of outrage the clearer.

THE RAILROAD UNIONS are now admittedly fighting with their backs to the wall. The position their leaders have taken in the negotiations with the railway executives at Chicago shows that they are convinced that the basic wage rates must be permanently reduced. But they want to have as much bargaining power as possible before the question is placed in the hands of the government for adjustment in accordance with the provisions of the Railway Labor Act. Therefore the Brotherhood officials have strongly opposed, thus far successfully, every effort of the railway companies to drop the "automatic restoration of wages" clause from the present temporary agreement. If the unions should permit this clause to be dropped, it would mean that the temporary 10 per cent cut in wages accepted a year ago actually constituted a permanent reduction in the basic rates. The workers might and probably would agree to such a reduction if it were ordered as a result of government arbitration. But to agree in advance of arbitration would obviously place them at a disadvantage in the subsequent negotiations. Fortunately, from the workers' point of view, the Brotherhood officials went into the Chicago conference with their hands well tied by binding instructions from the members. This prevented them from being stampeded into accepting the railway companies' proposals without adequate consideration for the views of the rank and file. Something of this sort happened in the negotiations that took place a year ago, with the result that the union officials found their leadership widely discredited among the workers.

THE MOST STRIKING FEATURE of the recent annual report of the Children's Bureau at Washington was the brief account of the increase in the number of homeless young people—principally boys—who are wandering from town to town, sleeping in "jungles" and box-cars, "thumbing" their way along the highways, consorting with all the derelicts of the road, uncared for, untaught, underfed. Undoubtedly, this is one of the most alarming incidents of the depression, for its results will linger after the economic causes are removed. This involuntary army of young hobos are learning lessons that will never be wholly forgotten—irresponsibility and the technique of living by their wits on casual charity, and the devastating sense of being unwanted, shunted from town to town, without roots or any ordinary social values to support them. The physical hazards are equally great. The Children's Bureau report says of conditions on the road:

> Last winter in one Western city thirty-five young men and boys were removed from box-cars, seriously ill, some in an advanced stage of pneumonia. As freight cars are policed, trains must be boarded outside the yard limits while the train is in motion. One railroad alone reported more than fifty young men and boys killed and more than a hundred cripped in this way last winter.

Figures to show the number of boys on the road are hard to get. A figure of 200,000 for the whole country is offered in a recent survey published by the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee in New York. The Southern Pacific reported 416,915 trespassers ejected from its property between September and May a year ago. Of this number it was estimated that from 20 to 25 per cent were under twenty-one years old. It is certain that conditions will force many thousands more to take to the road this winter. What will be their fate, and the fate of the society that is creating them? The Children's Bureau urges adequate local relief to prevent as many persons as possible from leaving their homes and towns; and then a system, based on federal aid if necessary, of feeding, housing, registering, and training those who become transients despite local efforts. Americans and American newspapers used to speak with some scorn of the "'wild children" of Soviet Russia. Before the depression is many years older we may turn to Russia to learn how to deal with the problem of reclaiming our own homeless young people.

THE GREATEST ALARM is felt, if not openly expressed, in the Little Entente countries—Jugoslavia, Rumania, and Czecho-Slovakia—over recent developments in international politics. They have been watching with growing apprehension the political activities of Germany, Italy, and Hungary, particularly the success Germany has been enjoying in its offensive against the Treaty of Versailles. The Little Entente countries feel that the new reparations arrangement and, more important, the German demand for equality in armaments are leading the way to a general revision of the peace treaties. The most pointed manifestation of their alarm is seen, however, in the extraordinary conference of the foreign ministers of the three countries which was hurriedly called to meet in Belgrade after France had defaulted on its debt payment to the United States. A general repudiation of debt agreements would probably benefit these and other countries in Southeastern Europe, for between them they owe France the sum of $165,000,000. But the countries of the Little Entente fear the effect such action might have on other international commitments, primarily on the peace treaties to which they owe their present existence as independent nations. If Germany on the one hand, through its vigorous offensive, and France on the other hand, by openly repudiating an international agreement, should succeed in undermining the Versailles system, what will happen to the countries which are the offspring of that system? The foreign ministers of the Little Entente do not know, but as they declared in their Belgrade meeting, they are determined to fight treaty revision to the bitter end.

A REMARKABLE SPEECH such as has come from no other public man in Germany since the depression began was delivered over the radio a few nights ago by Chancellor von Schleicher. It may be that he was promising more than he can perform when he said: "My program consists of one single point: the creation of work." But that he should declare it to be his intention to concentrate on the single task of reducing unemployment is in itself novel and encouraging. He said he had no pet economic theories and would in fact not hesitate to adopt measures tending to provide jobs even though such measures "might not be in line with orthodox economic reasoning." This is in striking contrast to the position taken by former Chancellor von Papen, whose economic program was admittedly designed to favor big business and the Junkers, and whose utterances were laden with jingoistic phrases. The new Chancellor also differed from Von Papen in declaring that the hunger of the people must be considered before there is any thought of tackling any of the purely political problems. He said that all classes in Germany are dominated "by only one thought: 'Give us work; we are not interested in anything else, least of all in amendments to the constitution and other fine things that do not feed us.'" No less encouraging were his expressed willingness to disarm in unison with other nations, even to the point of equipping the "army with knives and paper shields," and his promise to step out of office when his immediate program has been achieved.

IN ORDER TO CREATE a "better class of human beings" the radical government of the state of Vera Cruz in Mexico has recently put into effect a system of social hygiene providing for legalized, sometimes compulsory, birth control, sterilization of criminals and mental defectives, and prevention of marriages between persons who are mentally deficient or physically unfit. The law is to be administered by a state Bureau of Eugenics and Mental Hygiene. Education with regard to sex is required and treatment of social diseases is obligatory. Birth control will be compulsory for parents who are financially unable to support children or for those who already have as many children as they can properly nourish. To make birth control accessible to all, with special provisions for conferring its benefits upon the very poor, is obviously one of the functions of competent government. It is also relatively simple. The more delicate problem of deciding the degree of mental or moral defectiveness at which sterilization is justified must give pause to the most confident administrator. Vera Cruz has entered upon a bold experiment which the whole world will watch. Meanwhile, in the United States, the quadrennial meeting of the Federal Council of Churches, though it failed to approve a resolution asking repeal of the federal law prohibiting the sending of birth-control information through the mails, requested the executive committee of the council to organize a two-year study of the problem of birth control. It is an encouraging sign.

AN ECHO of the delirious period when Americans were ready to believe that German agents were responsible for every catastrophe and untoward incident in the United States was heard recently when the famous Black Tom explosion case was closed once and for all. The umpire in this case, Associate Justice Owen J. Roberts of the Supreme Court, ruled in favor of the German government. He decided that new evidence offered by the American government was inadmissible, for it failed to show that the persons held responsible for the explosion were actually German agents. The decision of the German-American claims commission, which was handed down on October 16, 1930, was therefore allowed to stand. Under the original ruling, American claims against Germany, totaling $40,000,000 for damages caused by the Black Tom explosion in New York harbor in 1916 and by another explosion in a munitions plans in Kingsland, New Jersey, in the same year, had been disallowed. In both cases huge stores of munitions awaiting shipment to the Allied countries were destroyed. It is fortunate that we can judge these matters calmly and dispassionately in peace times, and so right at least a few of the wrongs committed under the pressure of popular hysteria in time of war. This decision shows again how foolish the American people were to swallow the tales spread by Allied propagandists and misguided American patriots, who wanted only to drag us into war with Germany.

ROGER W. BABSON has at long last found the only genuine cure for the depression. It is a wonder that no one else had thought of this really simple formula. "If you will make me the unemployment Mussolini of this country," he said in addressing an alumni dinner of the Babson Institute, "I agree to organize and train an army of men and women to present a nation-wide educational campaign to create a legitimate demand for goods. Give me a small portion of the money which public officials are today spending upon charity and let me use this money in giving a group of the unemployed supervised promotional work, and the demand for goods will immediately return. Then industry will call back its unemployed, and before long business will be back to normal." Marvelous! All we have to do is to return to the days of high-pressure salesmanship which led to the speculative boom of four and five years ago. What we need is to go in for another orgy of buying, though Mr. Babson neglects to tell us where the necessary money is to come from. This would solve everything, including, presumably, the war debts, the tariff, and similar problems. These problems, in fact, Mr. Babson apparently dismisses as of little importance, for in the same speech he said prosperity would return in spite of anything which "governments and bankers can do to prevent it." Incidentally, he said the same thing a year ago.

AS A SYMBOL of the rising tide of economic nationalism let us consider the Tabasco Sauce Affair in the British House of Commons. A hawk-eyed member discovered that the tabasco bottle in the House restaurant bore a label showing that the sauce was made in the State of Louisiana. Immediately his patriotic zeal burned fiercer than the fiery fluid. The matter was aired on the floor, a question was put, an investigation was ordered, a report was made, an apology was offered, a promise to reform was recorded, the affair was closed. Hereafter tabasco sauce will be of British make, and the honor and economic self-sufficiency of the Empire will be further secured. And before our next issue goes to press we shall doubtless be able to report that the Senate and House restaurants in Washington are ordering their Worcestershire sauce from New Orleans.

Ourselves and Our Debtors

SENATOR McKELLAR'S bill, introduced into Congress on the fatal December 15, to put a price of $5,000 upon any visa granted to an American desiring to visit one of the countries which have defaulted on their payments to the United States is quite in keeping with the spirit of Congress and its entire approach to the debt problem. By all means let us send these French rascals to Coventry; let us boycott them thoroughly. That will be just the way to convince them of their error and induce them to pay us promptly, and generally commend Congress to them as a group of gentlemen, wise, calm, and self-controlled. The mere publication of the proposal in Paris will add fuel to the flames of hatred between France and our own nation already leaping high. And this was the Ally we exalted to the skies in 1917! To this same France, the innocent, the chivalrous, the noble, the bled-white, we dedicated ourselves in eternal friendship on Flanders fields!

It is a melancholy sight indeed—these ruins of our prestige and our international friendships which confront us on every hand. We are tempted, since we opposed American entry into the World War and were certain that it could only mean disaster, to stress the hollowness of friendships cemented by blood and founded on a mutual enterprise of mass murder. But we forbear. We cannot, however, refrain from pointing out that what has now come to pass we prophesied as far back as February 10, 1932, in these words:

> It has now become apparent that the probabilities are immensely against any enlightened action on war debts or reparations either from France or from America. . . . Under such circumstances it seems futile to continue to point out how insane our policy is. . . . France's next step, therefore, will be to combine with the other Allies to request an international conference for the drastic scaling down both of debts and reparations. This Congress will reject. France, England, Italy, and the rest will then notify us that they are unable to make further debt payments. . . . Mutual bitterness and recrimination will continue for years.

We were wrong for the moment as to England and Italy. But the situation we have before us is as we outlined it. Our international relations are in a worse jumble than they have been before in generations—we are tempted to say than ever before—and all because there have not been paid to us certain sums which would amount to less than one cent of every dollar that the American people are currently losing in income as the result of the economic crisis.

Yet we are not without some encouragement. If the crisis had to come, we are glad that it has arrived. The emphatic British announcement that the United Kingdom will not pay another cent until there is a complete re-examination of the problem, together with the French default, will bring the matter to the test. Long before the next instalment is due, there must be a final showdown if there is not to be default all around, with consequent encouragement to debtors all over the world to refuse to make payments. It is the latter prospect which is particularly alarming to the world of finance. Once you start a process of this kind no one can tell how completely the house of cards will tumble. A little fellow on the other side of the globe who has no claim to consideration may readily seize the opportunity to declare for himself a perpetual moratorium and point to France or some other country as his model.

The break between Great Britain and France in the matter of their policy toward us also has its compensations. It is no longer possible for members of our Congress to charge that a united front has been formed against us in Europe, and it furnishes an added reason to examine every claim upon its merits. When that is done it will be found that the same reasoning controls in every instance—that it is not within the power of our debtors to pay us except at the grave risk of injury to us as well as to themselves. This is the truth even though England has been able to make her payment without any irreparable disturbance of the exchanges. That this performance cannot be repeated is, according to the London correspondents, the opinion of all Englishmen no matter what their political beliefs. It is also the opinion of sane economists everywhere. Moreover, there is evidence that the French default has had a sobering effect on Congress.

But while we can extract this much comfort from the events of the past week, we can only look with utter consternation upon the status of our international relations. Compared even to the conditions at the end of the war, the situation today is infinitely worse. The continued aggression of Japan, the failure of the League to deal with the Manchurian question, the utterly unsolved question of disarmament, the continuance and, in some cases, the intensification of the world-wide economic crisis, and the increasingly rampant spirit of nationalism in every country—all these make the situation almost desperate. Nowhere is there a sign of a genuine economic revival, however encouraging the news may be in spots. How can one expect anything else in view of the attitude of all the so-called civilized governments; when they assert that none must deal with its neighbors lest by any chance it enrich them, that each section of the earth which flies its own flag should be entirely isolated? By all means let us demand $5,000 visa fees, but not only for passports to the defaulting nations. Let us issue no passports whatever for less than that sum; let us refuse to travel abroad, yes, let us decline to telegraph, telephone, or write to people beyond the seas. Are they not all our enemies trying to get our trade away from us?

As for Washington, the least that Mr. Hoover can do is to urge as emphatically as possible the earliest possible calling of the proposed conferences with our debtors. This would give the facts to the American people as they have not been given before. And meanwhile let us all remember that we did cast in our lot with our debtors in the war years; that we declared our ties with them to be unbreakable and asserted that their future was our future. Above all, let us refuse to hate or to denounce. Moderation, calmness, and deep sympathy with the plight of every country in the world—these are what the hour calls for.

Checkmating Japan

THE resumption of diplomatic relations between Russia and China is of vital interest to the United States. It provides this country with an excellent opportunity to assist in the establishment of a regime of peace and stability in the Far East. It also serves as a warning to Washington that if the United States passes by this opportunity, grave injury to our interests in Asia may result. We surely cannot afford to let Russia, China, and Japan create an Asiatic bloc directed primarily against us, for that would disrupt our traditional Far Eastern policy by closing, perhaps permanently, the Chinese door which we have struggled for thirty-three years to keep open. Yet if we fail to do our part, if we fail to respond to the implied invitation contained in Maxim Litvinov's statement at Geneva, we may find that the action of the Russian and Chinese governments is but the first step toward the organization of just such a bloc.

It is highly significant that the exchange of identical notes by which Russia and China resumed relations took place at Geneva and not at Moscow or Nanking, and that it took place at the time when the League of Nations was debating the issue raised by Japanese aggression in Manchuria. There can be no doubt that the exchange of notes was deliberately staged for the effect it would have upon Japan and the United States. As Louis Fischer points out in his letter from Moscow published elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation,* "the only two great Powers which really object to Japanese expansion are the United States and the Soviet Union." By its action at Geneva the Soviet Union shows that it is willing, indeed eager, to do what it can to checkmate the Japanese. But it cannot do this without help. If the United States continues to ignore Moscow, the Russians may decide that it is to their best interest to come to terms with the Japanese. Among other things they could, as Mr. Fischer asserts, recognize Manchukuo, thus putting the seal of their approval upon Japanese policy in China. In his Geneva statement Litvinov declared: "It is only when all states maintain relations with one another that we shall be able to speak seriously of international cooperation in the cause of peace, and of international observation of peace pacts and agreements, and the creation of universally recognized and authoritative international organizations." Litvinov did not say, nor did he have to say, that by recognizing the Soviet Government the United States would not only be contributing to the cause of peace, but would at the same time be helping to check Japan.

In connection with the resumption of relations between China and Russia, a recent dispatch from Washington said: "With Japan apparently suspicious of the stand of both countries [Russia and the United States] in the Far East, it is felt that President Hoover might be needlessly complicating the efforts for peace by making a move toward Russia, however innocent." This is a specious argument. It was first put forward at the time of the invasion of Shanghai last winter. Then it probably had some validity. The Japanese militarists were in no mood to listen to reason; they had gone completely berserk. The slightest misstep on the part of the United States might have plunged this country into war. Today the situation has changed. The war fever in Japan is dying down. In international politics that country is clearly on the defensive. A rapprochement between Russia and the United States, which would certainly isolate Japan, would make it imperative for Tokio to seek an understanding with both of these countries.

Perhaps this is a dangerous game. In many respects it resembles the sort of international politics the statesmen of France played in the nineteenth century in their efforts to encircle Germany, and we cannot forget that it was the checkerboard diplomacy of France and Germany which was largely responsible for the World War. But the game need not be played according to the rules of the post-Bismarckian era. It need not be dangerous if it is played sincerely in the interests of peace. Litvinov at Geneva gave the right cue. We should have little to lose by dealing honestly with Soviet Russia, and much to gain by keeping the Japanese in check and so helping to maintain the peace of the Far East. We hold the balance of power in the Pacific area. Let us exercise it judiciously.

"Buy American" and Sell—What?

THE way to cure the depression is to stop selling American goods abroad. The way to cure the depression is to foment international hatred and to wage the tariff war with increased fury. The way to cure the depression is to know nothing of economics and to be proud of your ignorance. Anyone who doubts the truth of the three foregoing propositions is not an American, but "a foreigner . . . a Francophile, an Anglophile, a promoter of theories rather than a facer of facts." All this we learn from the December 3 issue of that peerless magazine, the *Saturday Evening Post.*

The *Post* has also been conducting a virulent campaign to prove—*vide* Mr. Samuel Crowther's article in the issue of December 10, The Last War Debt Hoax—that it is the duty of Congress to turn a deaf ear to any plan of Europe to reconsider the debts, and to follow a boorish and narrowly grasping policy that any respectable banker or mortgagee might be ashamed of. Now that half of our foreign debtors have already been driven to default, while the public sentiment of the world has been set against us, one might suppose that even the *Post* would be satisfied. But a really 100 per cent American magazine cannot be expected to stop there. It wants us to insist on every penny of the debts, while at the same time it wants to make certain that the only possible way which our foreign debtors might have to pay their debts shall not be open to them. They can pay only in goods, and the one thing the *Post* is certain of is that we do not want their goods; for their goods are ruining us. So the *Post* hires Mr. Samuel G. Blythe to prove this proposition, and Mr. Blythe sets diligently to work. He finds some facts that shake him to his very foundations. Japan, for example, is flooding us with rubber dolls, celluloid combs, and swimming floats. "A swimming float, for instance, costs seventeen cents to get into this country from Japan and costs us $2.46 to make." Mr. Blythe implies that this seventeen-cent cost includes the tariff payment, though he

does not tell us what the tariff is. If we accept his statement as representing the actual fact, the conclusion of any sane man would be that we should buy our swimming floats from Japan. Surely it is idiotic to make swimming floats at home at a cost fourteen times as high as the price we could buy them for abroad. But this is not Mr. Blythe's conclusion. His conclusion—though his is "'no polemical discussion," just "a statement of facts"—is that we should put a tariff of 1,347 per cent on swimming floats, in addition to the present tariff, and make the swimming floats here. In other words, he believes that we should force the American consumer to pay fourteen times as much as he need pay at present if he wants a swimming float. All this in the alleged interests of "America"; and whatever that vague word may mean, it certainly does not mean you or us or any other American consumer to Mr. Blythe.

The consumer is Mr. Blythe's forgotten man. Mr. Blythe writes this, we take it, in the supposed interests of the producer. Of course it probably never occurred to Mr. Blythe to think that far—for he is dead against "theorists, protagonists, economists, and similar what not"—but someone really ought to point out to him that if we refuse to buy goods from Japan we cannot hope to sell goods to Japan. The only means Japan has of buying goods from us are the credits it builds up in American banks from the goods it sells here. Now if we really want to make goods at fourteen times the cost we could buy them for, we shall have to make up our minds to sell to Japan just that much less cotton, lumber, iron and steel, machinery, and automobiles, for all of which Japan is one of our leading customers. It is true that in the first nine months of this year Japan has sold us just a little bit more than it has bought from us—it has sold us $99,000,000 worth of goods and bought $95,000,000 worth—but if it is this $4,000,000 difference that is doing all the damage which so excites Mr. Blythe, then there ought to have been thirty times as much damage in the boom year 1929; for Japan—though its currency was not then depreciated—sold us $421,000,000 worth of goods and bought $301,000,000, a difference of $120,000,000. Since our trade with Japan, as with the rest of the world, is now only about one-third of its 1929 total, things have certainly been moving toward the ideal state of no foreign trade that the *Saturday Evening Post* and other isolationists and self-containers hope for. Curiously enough, the result has not been three times the prosperity of 1929, but twelve million unemployed.

Mr. Blythe goes on to hint that the great steel industry is prostrate largely because of the "dumping of foreign steel." As Mr. Blythe is, by his own confession, a passionate fact-lover and a noble theory-hater, let us cite the relevant facts. Steel-mill manufactures "dumped" here in October, according to the official figures of the United States Department of Commerce, were equal in value to just $380,000, compared with $581,000 in October a year ago; iron and steel advanced manufactures "dumped" here were equal in value to $164,000, compared with $225,000 in October a year ago. But our sales of steel-mill manufactures to foreign countries in October were equal in value to $1,085,000, and of advanced manufactures $1,493,000. In other words, our exports of steel are running at a rate of nearly five times our imports. The *Saturday Evening Post* likes its facts hard, but not too hard.

Red Blood and Blue Laws

TO those who have begun to worry about the incidental effects of the collapse of prohibition we have a new hint to give. It has already been suggested that the army of racketeers about to be thrown into unemployment will have to seek new fields for its talents, and it is even possible that the police—who have got into the habit of supplementing their income by the proceeds of minor but periodical shake-downs—will turn to other forms of small-scale blackmail. But what we have in mind at the moment is another menace, namely, the menace of the professional reformers. For fifteen years they have been busy in a rich field and they have had little time to invent new annoyances. Given the leisure which would be provided if prohibition should have to be completely abandoned, they would, however, not remain inactive. Satan soon finds work for idle hands to do and so does the God of pussyfooters and censors—if he is, as we doubt, a different person.

Not much has been heard lately of the W. C. T. U.'s threatened campaign against the demon nicotine. It may be revived by the new organization to promote all "moral issues" which Bishop Cannon now promises, and which appears to be organized upon the blunderbuss principle; but we have a suspicion that even red-baiting is going to be less popular than some still undefined campaign so designed as to take advantage of the swing away from the nicenellyism which is inherent in all the recently popular moral movements. Indeed, we consider the attack against "milksop" heroes in fiction which has just been made by the head of the Lord's Day Alliance as something in the nature of a feeler. The Reverend Dr. John H. Wiley, president of the Alliance, spoke recently at a meeting of the organization held in the chapel of the Methodist Book Concern. Not only did he speak in high disapproval of Rudy Vallee and the fiction heroes of Louis Bromfield and Sinclair Lewis, but he actually called John Erskine's Galahad a "milksop" and longed for a character "who slams around him and carries a chip on his shoulder and periodically raises Cain." These are strange words to come from such a source even if we suppose that the Reverend Dr. Wiley assumes that all the "'slamming around" will be done on week days and that the Cain-raiser will remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. Stranger still is his enthusiasm for Dick Turpin and for all four of the Three Musketeers.

At the same meeting Dr. Bowlby spoke against the legalized saloon and Sunday golf. Can it be that either gentleman has recently read the Dumas masterpiece or has considered what stand its heroes would take on Sunday golf? Unless our memory fails us they were not teetotalers and had none too great respect for that virtue which made the milksop Galahad famous. Somehow we can't believe that D'Artagnan would have joined the Lord's Day Alliance even if that organization had existed in the good old days. Doubtless, however, the Reverend Dr. Wiley does believe it. His organization passed a resolution congratulating President Hoover on his "incomparable service to the United States," and a man who could believe that could believe anything.

Recognize Russia Now

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, December 2

HERBERT HOOVER always had a closed mind on Russia. He has made the most unfounded statements about Russia in private conversations and in public utterances. Whether because he laid claim to mining wealth which is now the property of the Soviet nation, or because his vanity was wounded when the Bolsheviks failed to show sufficient gratitude for his most helpful relief during the Volga famine, or because of his innate conservatism and protectionist tendencies, Hoover has consistently opposed good relations with the Soviet Government.

"The whole of American policies during the liquidation of the Armistice," Hoover wrote to Oswald Garrison Villard in 1921, "was to contribute everything it could to prevent Europe from going Bolshevik or being overrun by their armies." In conformity with this fundamental conception, Hoover proposed in 1919 to weaken bolshevism by feeding Russia. The Bolsheviks suspected that his efforts in behalf of the Volga victims were dictated by the same desire. Had not T. C. Gregory, Hoover's lieutenant in Budapest, boasted that the American Relief Association overthrew the Hungarian Soviet regime? In 1921 Hoover tried to establish the thesis that "under their [the Bolshevik] economic system . . . there can be no real return to production in Russia, and therefore Russia will have no considerable commodities to export and, consequently, no great ability to obtain imports." Yet in the Presidential election campaign of 1932 Hoover blamed the American depression, in part, on Soviet "dumping," in other words, on Soviet exports. He was wrong both times. Senator after Senator, business man after business man, editor after editor have been converted in the last two years to the simple idea of Soviet recognition. Secretary of State Stimson is said to favor it, and on one occasion, I believe, he honestly tried to bring it in through the back door. Herbert Hoover, however, has remained adamant.

The Russian issue is very real today, and must be faced immediately. I do not hesitate to say that recognition already means more to the United States than to the Soviet Union. I can even foresee a time in the near future when recognition might be an embarrassment to Moscow and the goal of Washington's foreign policy. The Kremlin may wait until after March 4 or it may not wait. In any event, if there is no United States Ambassador in Moscow by next summer, there can be no doubt that serious harm will have been done to America's interests in the Far East. Mr. Hoover's attitude on Russia has jeopardized the position of the United States in the Pacific area, where the fate of nations may be decided during the next decade. If his policy is not quickly reversed, the loss may be irretrievable.

The kernel of the problem is China. The United States is a great Pacific Power. It has always endeavored to check Japanese expansion. President Wilson resisted Japanese intervention in Siberia in 1918 until Allied pressure overcame his opposition. He fought fiercely at Versailles to eject Japan from Shantung. And even Charles Evans Hughes, who alone can compete with Hoover in the matter of Russophobia, undiplomatically pressed the Japanese at the Washington Arms Conference in 1921-22 to evacuate Soviet territory. Obviously, he did so through no love of the Soviets. He merely acted in accordance with America's traditional policy of keeping Japan off the Asiatic mainland.

Today Japan is intrenched in Manchuria. Nothing short of war will dislodge her, not even a Soviet-American alliance. The only choice now left to Washington and Moscow is to arrange to cope with an expanded Japan. Manchuria, of course, is an element of Japanese weakness, and ultimately the invasion of the three Eastern Provinces may cause regret in Japan. But for the present, in view of the international balance of power, Tokio is strengthened. Tokio knows full well, Norman Davis's conversations notwithstanding, that England and France will not support America in the Pacific. In 1921 Secretary of State Hughes forced Great Britain to renounce its alliance with Japan, yet the two drew together again immediately. Diplomatic assurances which violate national interests are worthless. The only two great Powers which really object to Japanese expansion are the United States and the Soviet Union.

Japan, consequently, has been attempting to keep Russia neutral.* She has tried threats and gifts, pressure and persuasion. Tokio wants two things from the Kremlin: the de jure recognition of Manchukuo, that is, the recognition as a *fait accompli* of the rape of Manchuria; and the Chinese Eastern Railroad. Although the railroad's value has depreciated by reason of floods, insurgent fighting, and the construction of a parallel Japanese system, it is still a precious property; its sale or surrender by the Russians, moreover, would be the most concrete proof of Moscow's reconciliation to Japanese mastery of Manchuria. This state, incidentally, may soon be expanded to include not only the opium province of Jehol but everything in Northern China down to Peiping and Tientsin—all under a carefully coached monarch.

The Kremlin does not wish to recognize Manchukuo; it does not wish to yield the Chinese Eastern to the Japanese. De jure recognition of the Soviet Government by the United States may forestall both developments. But even if it fails to do that, even if a Soviet-Japanese non-aggression pact is signed, American recognition would rob such a pact of all but its formal significance, and Russia and America would join hands in the Pacific to watch over Japan. Men moved by prejudices and ignorance will say that Russian friendship is unreliable. Let them read the history of Soviet foreign affairs. They will see that Moscow has been a tower of strength to all the nations which have sincerely sought its help—Germany, Turkey, Lithuania, Persia, Afghanistan, and, for a time, China. Now America needs Russia's aid in the Pacific. The longer it takes Mr. Roosevelt to see this fact and act upon it, the more Japan will bite off from what Moscow can give to the United States.

The problem of Soviet-American trade is also involved. It is a very minor factor. To be sure, one hears constantly

* On December 12 the resumption of diplomatic relations between China and the Soviet Government was announced.—EDITOR THE NATION.

that Russia is the world's greatest market. Russia is smaller than China or India but she is becoming industrialized. The nation is awakened, and its citizens demand a better life. The Soviets could purchase more than could a China in chaos and much more than India, which is, at least in part, a British trade preserve. But the Bolsheviks cannot buy unless somebody buys from them. In recent years American industries, so weak that even a Hoover tariff has afforded insufficient protection, have used the fake excuses of "dumping" and "forced labor" to extract from a willing Administration embargo regulations against Russian exports. Reciprocal measures taken by the Russians have resulted in a decline of Soviet purchases in America far in excess of the decline of American imports from the U. S. S. R. All the commercial restrictions against Russia have reacted against the United States. America's active trade balance in Soviet-American trade was $76,902,000 in 1928-29, and $118,206,000 in 1929-30; it fell to $32,637,000 in 1931 and to a mere $6,300,000 in the first nine months of 1932. A few American owners of manganese mines, whose product is so poor that no one wants it, are the beneficiaries of this reduction, but the country as a whole has lost. Our total favorable balance of trade with Russia between 1923 and 1931, inclusive, was $488,535,000—a half-billion dollars added to our national income. But now the Hoover-Mellon and Hoover-Mills policies have paralyzed business with Russia.

Trade is possible without recognition; but if diplomatic relations are of no use, why maintain them with other countries? Consuls, commercial attachés, and ambassadors help their nationals to do business, and the experience of European states shows that Russia is no exception. In relation to the U. S. S. R., indeed, political ties are of special importance, for Soviet foreign trade is a state monopoly and it is the government which buys and sells. The Soviet Government has never defaulted on a single commercial bill and its system of planned economy makes failure to pay most improbable. When the Russian authorities find that their resources are insufficient, they place fewer orders, and they have enough reserves to meet an unexpected emergency. The record of Soviet foreign trade is irrefutable proof that this is so. It is not enough to declare that Moscow may some day default. So may anybody else. Many of America's best customers are delinquents today, and the financial Gibraltars of the capitalist world sue for a moratorium while the Soviets pay.

Russia still needs a great deal of machinery, and she has now decided in principle to import consumers' goods, which all capitalist countries have in abundance. These unsold goods depress markets and reduce prices. The Soviet Union could offer relief to many a harassed American manufacturer. It all depends on credits. Apart from the Republican Administration's hostility, the chief reason for the reduction of Soviet purchases in the United States is the exorbitant discount rate on Soviet bills. Moscow pays, on the average, about 25 per cent more, and for a machine in Toledo or Pittsburgh as much as 35 per cent more, than any other buyer. When the Bolsheviks buy $100,000,000 worth of equipment in America, they actually pay $125,000,000 for it. The extra profit goes into the pockets of "black bourse" speculators, and obstructs trade. Recognition would open credit doors to the Bolsheviks which are now closed to them in the United States; bigger orders would follow. Today most American banks boycott the Soviets.

Russia is increasing her gold output annually. She cannot use it, however, to meet her American obligations because the United States government authorities refuse to assay Russian gold. Indirect payments involve added expense and irritation. The Soviet Government recently issued a gold-dollar loan yielding 10 per cent interest in gold or foreign currency. Foreigners in and outside the Union have invested in it. The stability of the Soviets is behind each bond. More has never been asked of a great Power, and when weak states like Poland, Jugoslavia, Hungary, and the like have in the past pawned their customs and other similar assets as security, the investment was usually of questionable wisdom. The Russians can afford to pay 10 per cent interest because, by devoting the proceeds from these bond sales to cash purchases of goods abroad, they dispense with the 25 to 35 per cent extra discount on credits; 10 per cent is less than 25 per cent or 35 per cent. The bonds are pegged at par. The Bolsheviks will buy them at 100.

The Russians propose to apply the sums realized from bond sales in a given country to purchases of goods in that country. Properly handled, this may open a new avenue to Soviet business. State Department rulings, however, prevent banks from acting as agents for the Soviets. A New York bank can only take a man's money and transfer it to Moscow, which then mails back his bond. Gold, gold bonds, barter, and cheaper credits would swell the Soviet-American trade turnover. One must not be too sanguine, yet $100,000,000 or even $50,000,000 worth of business is not to be scoffed at. Recognition would facilitate commerce, for, all things being equal, the Russians prefer American quality.

The only reasons for non-recognition are American conservatism, American ignorance, American prejudice, and American folly. Twenty-four capitalist nations maintain diplomatic relations with the Soviet Government, among them Tory England, Fascist Italy, and monarchist Japan. There are two problems that concern the United States: debts and propaganda. The Bolsheviks have borrowed nothing from America, yet Chicherin, the former Foreign Commissar, and Litvinov, the present incumbent, have stated publicly that the Soviet Government is ready to pay the Kerensky debt, though the money was spent, in large measure, for ammunition subsequently used against the Red Army and for other anti-Soviet purposes. That is the only Russian war debt owing to the United States government. Russia also has a private debt to the National City Bank. The amount is small. Moscow has on several occasions met representatives of the bank. Once an agreement was almost reached. I believe that the Kremlin ought to settle this. Settlement would facilitate trade. Recognition would facilitate a settlement. I feel certain that the Bolsheviks will not pay the National City Bank until diplomatic relations are established.

Given the good-will that would follow inevitably upon recognition, debts would present absolutely no difficulty. Propaganda is a more complicated question. Communist propaganda has been lied about a great deal. There is no circumstantial evidence of any organizational connection between the Third International and the Soviet Government. It is true that a historic relationship exists, but that relationship is not static. Things have changed since the Comintern first met in 1919. At that time, no Bolshevik conceived of the continued existence of the Soviet Govern-

ment in Russia if other revolutions did not come to its aid in foreign lands. Moscow was weak. Revolutions seemed to be imminent in Europe and Asia. The sanguine Bolsheviks therefore emphasized the importance of world revolt. The psychology which dominated the Comintern in those days closely resembled the psychology of the Soviet Government. Much water has flowed down the Moscow River since then. The Soviet Union is strong and can stand alone. A foreign Communist uprising, moreover, is quite unlikely at present. Many Russians feel, in fact, that it would be an embarrassment if it did come.

This is the angle from which a real statesman would view the problem of Communist propaganda. The Bolsheviks are now concentrated on the task of national upbuilding. I do not wish to imply that they reject the thesis of world revolution. They do not. But they will not harm Russia by working for it. A few months ago preparations for a Soviet cinema on Negro life in the United States were interrupted because of the possible resentment that might be caused in America. Work on other films has been stopped recently for similar reasons. Early in November two Moscow theaters which were rehearsing plays about France received orders to discontinue them in consideration of French sentiments. This testifies not only to a new attitude but to the effectiveness of foreign relations in influencing Bolshevik manners. Such measures would have been impossible five years ago. I could adduce many more facts to prove the same point—that, "interlocking directorates" notwithstanding, the ways of the Comintern and of the Soviet Government continue to diverge. They are already very far apart. Identity of leaders, incidentally, is fast becoming a cold formality, and the influential Russians attend fewer and fewer meetings of the Comintern. Future developments of this tendency toward separation depends on international politics.

With respect, more immediately, to Communist propaganda in the United States, the situation is much simpler. Moscow or no Moscow, there would be a Communist protest movement in the United States, and the only wonder is that economic distress and the brainless leadership of other groups have not increased its strength. Surely Mr. Roosevelt cannot fear a party which polled only 69,000 out of 39,000,000 votes in the recent Presidential election.

At the present juncture, communism in the United States is a minor movement which demagogues use as a bogy to frighten the stupid and attain their own ends. It should not be permitted to interfere with such a paramount issue as Russian recognition. In case of recognition, or in advance of recognition, the Soviet Government will pledge itself to non-interference in American domestic affairs, and will ask, in return, a similar pledge from Washington, for history records that America tried much harder to overthrow the Soviets than the Soviets have ever tried to overthrow the American government.

Talk about propaganda is not realistic politics. What the situation demands is some clear thinking followed by simple de jure recognition by the Chief Executive and the exchange of diplomatic officers. I think, however, that a possible advantage will be lost if these acts are postponed until after March 4. An unofficial American might visit Moscow in advance of that date. In the meantime a channel could be found through which the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs would communicate its views on the Far East to American plenipotentiaries. Delay may be regretted in the United States if Russia is forced to take measures in the East which affect American interests. The matter is urgent. The Russian issue must be faced now.

Revolt in the Middle East

By JOSEPH BARBER, Jr.

THE place is a rest house at Bushire, in Persia. The time is April, 1932. "England's economic domination in Persia is all washed up. She's through." Mr. Taghi Iskandani, Persian engineer, citizen of the world, folded his arms and leaned back to watch the effect of his words. The little group on the veranda stirred uneasily. It was a leading remark; a dashed impertinent observation in the minds of the two British officers.

"Ridiculous," sniffed Major Haswell. "You can't dismiss overnight our advisers, our investment, our agreements!"

"Consider the little item of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, my dear man," added Campbell, his brother officer, icily. "The company's products made up about 75 per cent of Persia's exports in 1931. British financed, British equipped, British controlled. A business of more than forty million pounds sterling a year! Would you tamper with that vast concession?"

"It's inevitable," mused the Persian, and gazed out beyond his companions to the huge plane a few yards away. Bushire lies on the Persian Gulf, a God-forsaken spot in a region of sand and swamps. Its sole importance derives from its use as an air base on the England-to-India route and a terminal of the German Junkers line, running south from Teheran.

"As a product of your own educational system, I can make that assertion with a fairly open mind," he continued. "I was sent to an English school in Teheran. I have lived for years in Europe. There I was molded into a gentleman, if you please, with Western university degrees, a delight in the symphony, and a growing distaste for life in the East. Three years ago it became my duty to return home. A shock awaited me. I found my country making frantic efforts to assimilate Western efficiency. It was the new order. The Shah had been abroad. He had observed. Persia must be able to meet other nations on an equal footing."

"Yes, and what do you find?" asked Haswell. "An adoption of the outward forms of the Western world without the slightest comprehension of their motivating principles. The whole country is acting; Persia is a stage. Take the reform in dress, for example. There's no reason on earth why Persians should be compelled by law to wear the *pahlevi*, or headgear. It makes every man look like a messenger boy."

"What's the first thing that strikes you when you enter Teheran, aside from its garishness? It's noise," snorted

Campbell, answering his own question. "The indescribable clamor of man, beast, and machine. The incessant honking of automobiles driven at breakneck speed over the unpaved streets. No need for it. Nobody is going anywhere in particular. And your traffic system! One toot if you're going to the right, two to the left, and three straight ahead! The result? Utter confusion."

"True," smiled the Persian, "we're very naive about the machine. But it's enthusiasm, gentlemen. You British don't have it any more."

"You'll lose it, too," broke in Campbell, "once you see that organization depends on something more than parading around with a whacking big sword and an officious manner. Why, your officials waste hours writing down useless details about travelers and their family trees. I've often wondered whether advancement in the civil service depends on the speed with which those greasy ledgers are filled."

"All right, granting all that," grinned the Persian, "there have been some practical reforms. The Shah removed all the old dissolute administration. He picked young men for the important government posts, men who had studied abroad. He himself took over the post of Minister of Finance and reformed the department from top to bottom. He put an end to the farming out of tax-collecting positions to speculators. He fostered the building of hospitals and clinics. He got the Germans to come down and organize an air service. He encouraged American competition for the oil concession in the northern provinces."

"Yes, and he put all imports under license, and made every importer export Persian goods to an equal value, didn't he?" broke in Haswell. "Besides oil Persia has little but carpets, opium, and gum. Every time a trader wanted to buy an automobile, or a radio, or some electrical appliance, he had to sell practically impossible amounts of merchandise abroad before he was allowed to claim his importation."

"Patience, sir. The process going on in Persia is not to be judged now, or even in the near future. You can't drop a curtain on the past and expect everything from that point on to be for the best. One thing is certain. Persian nationalism is going to assert itself, for better or for worse. That will involve losses, inevitably, to your British interests."

"Britain has done much for Persia," he confessed. "Every intelligent Persian will admit that. But the Persian government is convinced that Britain, through the offices of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, has exploited the country ever since 1914, the date of the first British government investment. You can argue about the truth of that remark as much as you like; the fact is that once a nation gets that feeling, the influence of foreigners is bound to suffer a steady decline. Originally, the sixty-year concession granted to the oil company provided for royalties of 16 per cent, but from 1919 to 1930 we received only about ten million pounds sterling. That's about one-twentieth of what the oil company got, according to their own figures!"

The two Britons started to exclaim, but the young Persian continued, pointing out over the waters of the gulf, "You see those ships out there? They're tankers, British owned, unloading petrol for the air base here, a British air base, primarily. There you have it. The oil, coming from Maidan-i-Naphtum up to the northeast, is got out by British machinery. It flows through a British ten-inch pipe to Abbadan, near the mouth of the Tigris and Euphrates, where the refineries are. The staff there is mostly British. Then those tankers are loaded, and distribution is comparatively simple. A completely British undertaking, you say. But don't forget that the oil is Persian."

"Tell me," said the Major, "why is it that you fellows make it so deucedly difficult for us at these air bases? We're bothered all along the line where the Imperial Airways planes land; at Bushire here, at Lingeh, and at Jask."

"Frankly, Major, we don't want you flying over our country. The German line has the same difficulties, but not to the same extent, for they fly mainly within the boundaries of Persia. You see, we don't propose to be merely another link in the chain of British interests in the Middle East."

"Would you mind telling me why Persia tries to thrust out Britain, at the same time extending the welcoming hand to the United States?" asked Campbell.

"I don't know," was the sober reply. "I think it's a mistake. But the United States will never have such important interests at stake as Britain has, for the simple reason that Persia offers her nothing but a fair field in which to market machine-made products. Britain has a diplomatic and strategic interest in Persia. The fact that she could sail up the gulf unmolested during the World War meant that she was able to attack the Turks in Mesopotamia from two sides at once, thus aiding immeasurably her campaign in the Middle East.

"There is a movement on foot to give the United States concessions in certain fields, it being Persia's aim to divide up necessary foreign interests. During the past several years nearly 1,500 automobiles and trucks have been imported annually, most of them made by the General Motors Company. In fact, American manufacturers have obtained 90 per cent of this business. Persia wants a flying corps of her own, both for military and commercial purposes. But she doesn't want to embarrass herself by curtailing British and German air lines in Persia, and then placing orders for planes with those countries. Here again is a possible market for the United States. In any case, it means continued economic domination, even though of a less obvious kind."

The three sprawled glumly in their wicker chairs, and watched the mechanics tinker with the plane. Then, as the hour of departure approached, the two Britons rose and gathered their traps. "It was nice to talk to an intelligent chap for a change," observed Campbell, as he shook hands with the Persian. "But don't take too seriously all that rot about kicking the British out of Persia, will you?"

The Persian smiled faintly, bowed, and murmured, "Not too seriously." Then, a little louder, "How would we ever get along without English ale?"

The following press dispatch in my New York newspaper recalled the conversation in Bushire which I have here set down almost verbatim.

> LONDON, NOVEMBER 29. The British government foresees a long, difficult diplomatic struggle with Persia over yesterday's annulment of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's concession, with its threat to British interests in the Middle East. The decision to annul the concession was taken by the Council of Ministers at a meeting over which the Shah himself presided. The evening newspaper *Ettelat* proclaimed it an occasion for great national rejoicing that "the last foothold of foreigners on Persia's soil" had finally been removed.

What England Could Have Said

By HARRY SCHERMAN

WHETHER by design or through oversight, England missed a trick on December 15. Secretary Stimson's note of December 7 presented her with a beautiful opportunity to instruct American public opinion as to the elements of the war-debt problem, and to help bring about a sane solution. By paying in gold, she ignored the opportunity; why she did is one of those mysteries of international politics which perhaps will be cleared up in some statesman's memoirs a quarter of a century from now.

A fair analysis of the situation on December 15 would be as follows: The Hoover Administration undoubtedly favored postponement of the December 15 payments, but was prevented from advocating it by the obduracy of Congressmen and Senators; the Congressional attitude was a compound of ignorance and political tactics, and its strength lay in the fact that it rested upon the ignorance of the man in the street as to the mechanism and problems of international trade. So far as that man is concerned—and Congressmen were aware of it—the various British notes and all the other debtor communications might as well have been penned by Einstein. Mr. Coolidge's "They hired the money, didn't they?" represents perfectly the average citizen's simple and complacent approach to this puzzling matter. The trouble, therefore, was really caused by the fact that American public opinion had become frozen when it was in a lamentably uninformed state.

Mr. Stimson's note innocently presented England with a charge of dynamite with which this frozen opinion could once and for all have been broken up and freed. The debtor nations were in a bad fix only if the strict letter of the war-debt agreements, which stipulate payment in gold or United States bonds, had been insisted upon. But Mr. Hoover, in his reply to the first British note, had made one suggestion, politely refused in the second British note, which would have abrogated the strict letter of the agreement. Mr. Stimson repeated this suggestion—that sterling deposits guaranteed as to dollar value be held in London and transferred at a more opportune time—and then he added this crucial paragraph:

> Further informal suggestions have been made to your government of methods of minimizing these difficulties [of transfer], which it has not been able to find acceptable. Recognizing these difficulties of effecting transfer, I am confident that the Congress will be willing to consider any reasonable suggestion made by your government which will facilitate payment of the sum due on December 15.

Since the United States as creditor had thus officially indicated—twice—that observance of the letter of the agreement was not necessary, why should the debtors have been legalistic in this respect? There was one "reasonable suggestion" they could have made whose rejection would have seemed so unreasonable on the part of Congress that American opinion might easily have veered completely around from its present uncompromising attitude in respect to the war debts. England could have written us some such note as the following:

DEAR UNITED STATES: We are very happy that you seem to agree with us that a transfer of the December 15 payment in gold or bills of exchange might, at the present moment, tend to deepen the distress and widen the unemployment from which your people, our own, and most of the peoples of the world are suffering—as a result largely of the decrease in international trade and the disorders in international finance that have been intensified by such payments under the reparations and war-debt agreements. Apparently you share our opinion that such payment might bring about, at least temporarily, another drop in the world prices of many goods and commodities, with further damage to the interests of all those individuals everywhere who are engaged in producing or transporting the goods that enter into world commerce—the wheat, cotton, tobacco, oil, copper, and so on that your citizens produce for export, and the many manufactured articles that our citizens produce for the world market.

You ask us to suggest in what form payment can be made with least injury to our own citizens, to yours, and to the rest of the world. You suggest that sterling deposits guaranteed as to dollar value be held in London to your credit until such time as they can more opportunely be transferred. We still feel, however, that this would not solve the immediate difficulty, because that amount of sterling awaiting transfer might easily keep the value of the pound unsettled, with disturbing effects upon the world prices of commodities, even more than if it were transferred at once.

It appears to us that by far the least injurious method of making this payment, to everybody concerned, *would be in the form of British-made goods, which you as a government should accept directly from us as a government;* and we believe you will agree, upon close examination of this proposal, that this is the simplest, most equitable, and least detrimental way out of the present difficulty.

For the benefit of those citizens in both our countries who do not understand the mechanism of international commerce and finance, perhaps it should be pointed out that when you propose that we pay in dollar exchange, this actually represents *ultimate payment by us in the form of British-made goods or services* which have been shipped or rendered, or in the future will be shipped or rendered, by British subjects—either to citizens of your country or to citizens of other countries from whom in turn citizens of your country would ultimately accept goods or services to an equivalent value.

The importation of these goods or the acceptance of these services by your citizens would create claims to this amount upon American banks; and from the firms or individuals who owned these claims we as a government would in effect purchase them and then transfer them to you.

This being the case, it will be seen that our proposal differs from yours only in this: that you accept British-made goods *directly and immediately as a government, instead of ultimately and indirectly through the intermediation of your citizens and ours.*

Possibly two further points should be made to insure a still clearer understanding of the reasonableness of this proposal. First, the negotiators of the war-debt agreement, in specifying gold as the method of payment, undoubtedly

did so, not because as a commodity it was solely desirable, but because it is the only measure of value in general international use. They must have contemplated that the agreement would be fulfilled by the acceptance in world commerce of British-made goods and British services to the amount stated; for, as is well-known, under normal conditions of international trade, the exchanges between nations take the ultimate form of goods and services for goods and services, and gold has only been transferred when necessary to settle balances. Second, the sums you lent to us, represented by the debt agreement, were not received by us in gold, but in the form of American goods and American services. For these two reasons it is the more equitable that payment be accepted directly in the form of British-made goods.

Two schedules of goods that might be acceptable to you are appended, of which you might choose either one or a mixture of both. Both lists represent what $95,500,000 in gold would purchase in the United Kingdom at the present moment; that is, they are valued in sterling at the present rate of exchange. In this connection, it seems desirable to call attention to the fact that because of the change in the value of gold since this debt-funding agreement was made between us, the actual quantity of goods which must be transferred in settlement of the present payment is more, by two-thirds, than the quantity which you as creditor and we as debtor contemplated would have to be made in this transfer.

The two lists of goods appended differ in this respect: One represents goods that are in fairly common demand for the conduct of the various departments of your government, and which you would thus have to purchase in any case in the open market. The other list represents goods (chiefly food and clothing) that might be consigned by us, if you so direct, to the American Red Cross to be distributed in its present relief activities. Whichever list of goods you accepted, your expenses would obviously be reduced by so much, and your citizens relieved to that extent of the burden of taxation during the coming year.

If the stated value of any item among the goods listed were in question, we should be happy to have the question determined by the International Bank for Settlements at Geneva.

We should be less than frank if we did not state that we realize the proposal here made presents you with one difficulty: certain of the goods offered in payment are counterparts of those made by some of your own citizens. But, upon analysis, is not the following a fair statement of the situation? Because of the present abnormal condition of international trade and finance, it appears that we are jointly presented with a choice of two evils—one involved in acceptance of a debt payment directly and immediately in the form of goods, the other involved in making payment directly and immediately in gold or bills of exchange. It appears clear that much the lesser of the two evils is the problem which would be presented to you by the acceptance of the payment in goods. For the value received by you as creditor would be the same as if gold were transferred, and far fewer individuals, even among your own citizens, would be adversely affected. As against the few citizens who might lose profits on this business, is your entire body of citizens who would be relieved of this amount of taxation, and those producers of goods entering into world commerce whose interests would be adversely affected by a further drop in world prices for their products such as might follow the transference of gold or exchange.

We hope that you will agree with us in this reasoning and will notify us that the proposal is accepted. Incidentally, if neither of the two lists appended is acceptable to you, we shall be happy to have you suggest a schedule of British-made goods which as a government you will accept directly as a payment under the agreement.

Cordially yours,

ENGLAND

Such a proposal would have revealed graphically the facts of international trade that underlie the war-debt problem. It would have put the onus of the decision squarely upon the people who are really causing the trouble—the protectionists and isolationists in Congress. Would we have accepted such an offer from England? The proposal fairly bristles with thorny questions of national and international policy. A real fight might have ensued in Congress, where actually the fight belongs. Indeed, if this *enfant terrible* of world problems, of which we are a parent, had been laid naked on our doorstep in this way (and it can still be laid there), it might have proved to be the beginning of wisdom for us in international affairs.

The chief opposition to alteration of the war-debt agreements has from the first been based upon the belief that our foreign debtors can pay and therefore should; that their plea of financial difficulties is all bluff; and that the reasons advanced against payment are simply rationalizations designed by clever foreigners to confuse a perfectly simple issue. A proposal to pay directly in goods would have cut the supports from under this position; for it would have really made the issue simple—as it has not been so far.

Say This of Horses

By MINNIE HITE MOODY

Across the ages they come thundering
  On faithful hoofs, the horses man disowns.
Their velvet eyes are wide with wondering;
  They whinny down the wind in silver tones
Vibrant with all the bugles of old wars;
  Their nostrils quiver with the summer scent
Of grasses in deep fields lit by pale stars
  Hung in a wide and silent firmament.
And in their hearts they keep the dreams of earth
  Their patient plodding furrowed to the sun
Unnumbered springs before the engine's birth
  Doomed them to sadness and oblivion.
Across the swift new day I watch them go
  Driven by wheel and gear and dynamo.

Say this of horses: engines leave behind
  No glorious legacy of waving manes
And wild proud hearts, and heels before the wind.
  No heritage of ancient Arab strains
Blazes within a cylinder's cold spark;
  An engine labors with a sullen fire,
Hoarding no dreams of acres sweet and dark:
  No love for man has ever surged through wire!
Along the farthest slopes I hear the rumble
  Of these last hoofs—tomorrow they will be still;
Then shall the strength of countless horses crumble
  The staunchest rock and level the highest hill;
And man who made machines to gain an hour
  Shall lose himself before their ruthless power.

Hypocrisy and the Philippines

By RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

IN the name of liberty Congress is about to commit a grave injustice to the Philippines. It is on the point of enacting "independence" legislation on terms which will sacrifice the Islands to American business interests and further strain our relations with Japan. The Hare bill, adopted by the House last April, provides for independence at the end of eight years; the Hawes-Cutting bill, adopted by the Senate on December 17, fixed the period at twelve years. Ostensibly the purpose in postponing independence is to allow the economic life of the Islands to become readjusted to the termination of free trade with the United States. Today American goods enter the Philippines without the payment of any duty, thus depriving the Islands of an important source of revenue, and Philippine goods may similarly enter the United States. On the other hand the Philippines charge a heavy duty upon imports from all other countries. The United States thus maintains in the Philippines an extreme form of the closed door. The Philippine Assembly in 1909 vigorously protested against the establishment of such a regime on the ground that it would lead to a one-sided economic development which would injure the Filipino people as a whole and which would make the attainment of independence more difficult. This prophecy has proved correct. At present the United States, at a distance of 7,000 miles, dominates three-quarters of the foreign trade of the Islands. Political independence will automatically terminate free trade with the United States, with disastrous effect, unless the readjustment is made gradually.

Although the pending Philippine legislation is supposed to provide for the readjustment, actually it does no such thing. During the transition period the Philippines are not to be allowed to collect any duty upon imports from the United States; American exporters will therefore continue to enjoy their present monopoly. On the other hand, the export of duty-free Philippine products to the United States is to be limited supposedly to the present figure. The Hawes-Cutting bill also requires the Philippine government at the end of the eighth year to impose an export tax upon all duty-free exports to the United States. The proceeds of this tax, which will still further injure trade, are to be applied solely to the payment of the bonded indebtedness of the Islands.

The Hare bill contained a provision limiting the annual amount of duty-free sugar entering the United States to 850,000 tons, but the Philippines this year produced about 1,000,000 tons of sugar, and will next year probably produce half as much again. This industry, which is under American control in Cuba and Porto Rico, is, in the Philippines, largely in the hands of natives. It was developed at the instigation of the American government and today employs 1,500,000 people, providing an annual income to the Islands of 100,000,000 pesos. In an address last September in Manila Secretary of Agriculture Rafael Alunan declared that in view of the fact that the pending legislation does not allow the Philippines to seek new markets, the limitation to 850,000 tons "will mean the paralyzation, and eventually the complete ruin, of the sugar industry in the Philippines, with its consequent effect upon other industries and upon the general condition of the country." He urged Congress to increase the limitation to 1,500,000 tons; instead our altruistic Senate on December 9 reduced the figure to 615,000 tons! Originally the bills limited Philippine immigration to the United States in the transition period to a maximum annual quota of from 50 to 100. Upon the motion of Hiram Johnson, however, the Senate on December 9 struck out this provision in favor of absolute exclusion, thus imposing another humiliation upon the Islands.

The economic scheme which is contained in the Hare and Hawes-Cutting bills should satisfy the beet-sugar grower in the United States and the cane-sugar producer in Cuba. It should satisfy those American manufacturing interests now monopolizing Philippine import trade. But it will strike a disastrous blow at the economic and social welfare of 13,000,000 people who have no representation in the American Congress. Having imposed a law which will probably ruin the largest export industry in the Islands and throw the Philippines as a whole into economic chaos, the United States will then grant them their "liberty"! There have been many instances of the exploitation of dependent peoples since the World War, but it is doubtful whether during this period the legislature of any country has been presented with such dishonest and injurious colonial legislation as the bills now pending in Congress.

The second major objection to these bills is that they authorize the United States to retain a naval base in the Islands even after they have become independent. Obviously, the retention of such a base would make the United States solely responsible for the defense of the Philippine Republic. Under such circumstances Japan would regard an attack upon the Philippines as the first step to take in a war with the United States, should such a war unhappily occur. The presence in the supposedly independent Philippines of an American naval station and troops would be a far more dangerous source of international irritation than is the maintenance of such a station at present when the Islands are part of the United States. Students of military affairs realize that for strategic reasons the United States cannot hope to resist an attack by Japan against the Philippines without quartering in the Islands an army of 250,000 men, which is larger than the entire army of the United States. An attempt to recruit and transport such an army to the Philippines would be regarded by Japan as an act of war. But without such a force a naval base would have little effect except needlessly to arouse the ill-will of Japan. In view of the forthcoming termination of the Washington naval treaty, notice of which may be given in December, 1934, it is particularly important that the American Congress take no step which will strain the relations between the United States and Japan and lead to a renewal of naval competition.

If the curse is to be taken off the pending Philippine legislation three amendments are necessary. First, the Philippines should be given full tariff autonomy during the transitional period. They should be authorized to impose

duties upon goods entering from the United States, and to conclude tariff treaties opening markets with neighboring countries such as Japan and China. Second, the United States, while imposing duties of say one-quarter of the regular rates upon Philippine imports, should negotiate an agreement with the Islands providing for reciprocal tariff concessions which should continue in existence after the transitional period is terminated. The negotiation of such an agreement would conform to the principle of tariff reciprocity to which President-elect Roosevelt is pledged. Third, the United States should cede to the Philippine Republic all government property in the Islands, including naval stations. It should also immediately open negotiations with Soviet Russia, Japan, China, Great Britain, and other governments for an agreement neutralizing the Islands. Realists will assert that in view of Japan's recent aggressions in Manchuria the Islands cannot possibly rely for their safety upon such an agreement. But Japan has learned a lesson in Manchuria which would make Tokio hesitate a long time before invading the Philippines, even though they were independent. It is far better to intrust the protection of the Islands to the pledged word and combined force of a number of Powers than to the single-handed force of the United States.

Should commercial and militarist interests be powerful enough in the present lame-duck session to prevent the adoption of such amendments, then a decision on the Philippines question should be postponed until the Roosevelt Administration, which is fully committed to independence, takes office.

Public Works Face the Ax

By DREW PEARSON

Washington, December 14

THE office of Leo C. Martin, Assistant Secretary in Charge of Public Buildings, in the Treasury Department, is one of the busiest places in the entire federal government these days. More telephone calls come to Mr. Martin's desk than to any other in the Treasury. Delegations of architects and contractors line the room. Reporters dash in and out collecting news releases on bids opened for post offices, contracts awarded for custom houses, and advertisements for courthouse sites, immigration stations, and marine hospitals all over the United States. For Mr. Martin's office is the pivotal point in the huge federal building program calculated to reduce unemployment, which the Administration, after two years of inexcusable delay, is now actually speeding up.

The activity of Mr. Martin's office today contrasts vividly with its calm of a few months ago. For two years the Administration has been urged to increase public works and for two years it has done just the opposite. Colonel Arthur Woods, head of President Hoover's Commission on Employment, was the first to urge the speeding up of construction. As early as 1930 he outlined a billion-dollar program for completing the network of State highways already partially built, for pushing the reforestation program of the Department of Agriculture, and for increasing the construction of public works. Colonel Woods told Mr. Hoover that an emergency existed similar to that of war and urged him to incorporate the plan in his December, 1930, message to Congress. Instead, Mr. Hoover told Congress that prosperity was just around the corner. Later the Woods commission tried to push individual building construction. But the harder it pushed, the greater became the congestion in the office of James A. Wetmore, Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department. He refused to hire additional architects, declined to put his men on longer shifts, and gave them the usual vacations of prosperity days.

The commission resorted to various devices for speeding up construction. In one instance, Frank Bane, one of the commissioners, accompanied an assistant postmaster general to Knoxville, Tennessee, to select a site for a new post-office building. After listening to speeches on the generosity of the Hoover Administration, Mr. Bane returned to Washington, to receive word from the Post Office Department that work on the new building would begin in nine months. To this Mr. Bane replied: "What we want is a post office, not a baby."

Today, two years later, the situation is very different. The Treasury Department no longer delays construction until it acquires full title to building sites. Instead, it initiates condemnation proceedings and begins excavations immediately. Under this procedure the building is completed by the time condemnation proceedings have gone through the court, and the government gets its land and its building almost at the same time.

This unprecedented display of speed on the part of the Treasury is the result of only one thing—the Republican pre-election fear of defeat. Last summer, when President Hoover had no idea of the disaster in store for him on November 8, he scoffed at the contention that a federal construction program could reduce unemployment. "I have expressed myself at various times upon the extreme undesirability of increasing expenditure on non-productive public works," he told the House of Representatives last July. "It does not accomplish the purpose in creating employment for which it is designed.... The total annual direct employment under this program would be less than 100,000 out of the 8,000,000 unemployed."

However, as election day approached and resentment against the Administration became more apparent, Mr. Hoover's associates sang another song. "The wisdom of the President," said Ferry K. Heath, another assistant secretary in charge of buildings, in a radio broadcast, "in providing the agencies which made possible all that has been done and all that is being done is becoming more apparent each day." And William Nuckles Doak, Secretary of Labor, authorized his Employment Service to issue the following statement: "Under the stimulus of funds made available by the Emergency Relief and Construction Act there was a considerable increase in the volume of highway and bridge construction which provided employment for thousands of additional men; thirty-three States reported over 260,000 men engaged on this type of work alone, and many new contracts were let during the course of the month."

Now that the election is over, two important facts have become apparent. One is Mr. Hoover's intention to sabotage the program for which his followers gave him so much credit. The other is the fact that any employment increase claimed by the Administration is the result not of the Emergency Relief Act but of the permanent building program initiated in 1926. It is this program which Mr. Hoover has sabotaged in the past and is planning to sabotage again, for the reason that the easiest way to reduce the federal budget is to cut down the amount of construction work contemplated in this permanent building program. To close down an old army post, to retire 2,000 aging army officers, to shut up an inefficient navy yard, or to restrict the activities of any top-heavy government department causes anguish and protests from both government workers and representatives of the affected districts in Congress. But to fail to begin a new lighthouse, a new set of trails through a national park, a new custom house, or a new set of army barracks, or to slacken the work on similar construction activities already begun, attracts little attention and causes little political reverberation. Last fall, for instance, Mr. Hoover's Bureau of the Budget, in going over the estimates of each government department, lopped off what was easiest to lop off—the cost of new construction. And when it finished its work, a total of $375,000,000 in projected new buildings, roads, forest trails, and lighthouses had been cut from the building program.

When Congress convened, it accepted these cuts in the regular appropriation bills. Later, however, it realized the stark necessity of creating employment and voted to put $332,000,000 for public works into the emergency relief and construction bill. The net construction economy accomplished by President Hoover and his Budget Bureau, therefore, was $43,000,000. The Bureau of the Budget had cut $16,000,000 out of the public-roads fund of the Department of Agriculture; the emergency bill returned $16,000,000 to the Department of Agriculture for the same purpose. The sum of $2,826,658 had been cut from the budget of the lighthouse service; the emergency bill returned to it $3,810,000.

And so on. It was unfortunate, however, that in many cases the appropriation provisions of the emergency bill were contrary to the best interests of the executive departments. Under the emergency bill, for instance, the army is spending $1,500,000 for the improvement of Chanute Field, Illinois. It so happens that on May 20, 1931, the War Department announced that Chanute Field was inefficient and unnecessary and that it was to be abandoned. Similarly, the navy in 1931 listed the navy yards at Boston and at Charleston, South Carolina, as inefficient and unnecessary. Under the emergency bill, the navy is to spend $55,000 in improving the Charleston yard and $130,000 in improving the yard at Boston. Navy officers are opposed to the expenditure, but the money has been appropriated and they will spend it.

The army, the navy, the lighthouse service, and the Department of Agriculture have already started to spend about one-fifth of the round $100,000,000 allotted to them under the emergency bill, but not a workman has been hired on the $100,000,000 program for post offices, custom houses, and federal buildings provided for in the act, to be spent under the supervision of the Treasury. This delay is not the fault of the Treasury; it is the result of the various restrictions in the law, such as the one which requires that thirty days must elapse after sites are advertised for. Already 410 new buildings have been projected for as many towns and cities, and advertisements for sites for 350 of these buildings have been posted. In the sixty remaining cities the government already owns land, and plans for the new buildings are being drawn up both in the Supervising Architect's Office and by private concerns.

Loans by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for the purpose of promoting employment have also struck snags, with the result that at the present time, nearly four months after the passage of the act, not one dollar of the $135,000,000 already put at the disposal of prospective builders has been used in hiring a jobless worker. The money was voted by the R. F. C. for so-called "self-liquidating" projects, but so far none of the projects have even been started. The much-advertised loan of $62,000,000 for the bridge across San Francisco Bay is being delayed by local legislative action. Construction of the aqueduct in Southern California for which the R. F. C. has offered $40,000,000 is being held up by an injunction in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. The New Orleans belt bridge for which the R. F. C. proposes to advance the sum of $13,000,000 is awaiting the completion of contracts with the railways which are to use it. Improvement of the Seattle water-supply system by means of an R. F. C. loan of $1,491,000 is being delayed through the necessity of an audit of water-department revenues. The $645,620 water-supply loan to Ogden, Utah, has been held up by a suit over the city's right to issue a certain type of bonds. And the $5,784,000 loan for the Rio Grande flood-control project cannot be advanced until the company concerned threshes out its suit in the New Mexico courts over its right to issue bonds on the terms proposed. Mr. Hoover, if he expected to profit by the emergency bill, should have put it through at the time of the first warning by Colonel Arthur Woods in the winter of 1930.

The story of the permanent building program is much more encouraging. Although it was passed in 1926, funds were not actually made available until 1931; but the interim provided the time so necessary to put the cumbersome wheels of government operation in motion, and at present 98 per cent of the total of 817 projects included in the program are either completed, under contract, or about to be contracted for. In order to speed construction 225 of the plans have been transferred from the Supervising Architect's Office to outside firms.

Mr. Hoover, however, once again has determined to rescue the nation from the depression cure heralded by his friends. He has declared another war on public construction. Of the half-billion-dollar budget cut just reported to Congress, most is derived from pruning public works. Probably it will be the same story over again; $375,000,000 in construction costs eliminated by the Bureau of the Budget, only to be voted back, for much less useful enterprises, by Congress.

Meanwhile the American Society of Civil Engineers has announced that State and municipal construction this year is at least $1,500,000,000 behind its ten-year average, and that the whole volume of this type of building will not run above $800,000,000. In other words, the total of $800,000,000 which the federal government is spending will make up for only one-half of the nation-wide slump in the construction of public works.

Hunger on the March

By EDWARD DAHLBERG

THE Washington hunger march, though it produced no sensational results, was nevertheless significant as another example of the growing use in America of the hunger march as a vehicle for mass protest. It was no sporadic spectacle. To be understood it must be viewed in relation to two other demonstrations—the march on Washington last spring of the bonus army, composed of the homeless and uprooted, and the recent Farmers' National Relief Conference, which was the culmination of riots, evictions, mortgages, and starvation. Both were essentially hunger marches.

Of the three groups the bonus army was the largest, numbering 45,000 at its peak. It was also the least organized and politically the least aware. Perhaps one of the major reasons for this is that most of the veterans were caught up in the amorphous, floating population of déclassé workers. Economically unconnected and having no impetus toward collective protest except recurrent joblessness and social spleen, their understanding of the forces that had deracinated them was very befuddled.

The farmers, on the other hand, despite hunger and taxes which have reduced many of them to serfdom, still have their roots in the soil. As producers they are fully conscious of their position in relation to non-producers—the bankers and the middlemen. As a result, they have come to realize the interdependence of the farmer and the city worker. At the farmers' conference in Washington the repeated slogan was that if the farmer and the city worker do not stand and fight together, they will starve together.

Taken as a whole, these organized units of unemployed, including steel workers, miners, farmers, the war veterans, and city proletarians, are rapidly developing the political art of permanent and cyclical mass protest. Following close in the wake of the three thousand hunger marchers who descended on Washington in the first week of December and who promise to return in greatly increased numbers this spring, came the farmers. The leaders of the farmers' conference demanded a half-billion dollars for immediate relief. If they gain this objective, which, in the words of one farmer, "to the United States isn't equal to a raindrop off a waterspout," they will come back with other demands. And now a new bonus army, which has risen out of the dust of the militia that evicted them with gas and bayonets last July, is straggling back to the capital.

No realistic appraisal of the Washington hunger march is possible without some picture of its organization and at least a brief mention of strategy and police tactics. Each of the three thousand men and women was directly delegated to represent from one to two hundred jobless, underfed Americans who could not come themselves, either because of their families or because they no longer had the physical stamina for a cross-country truck-march. With dimes, nickels, and quarters, those who stayed at home had created an authorized delegation to go to Washington to demand unemployment insurance, a cash payment of $50 for winter relief, and $10 additional for each dependent.

Cumulative evidence from the very outset seems to point to official sanction of provocative acts by the police. The Wilmington episode was the inevitable result of what appeared to be a tacit agreement between the authorities and the police. In Wilmington, Delaware, men and women were indiscriminately clubbed and beaten because they had attempted to assemble and speak; they were, besides, tear-gassed inside the church which they had rented. Moreover, all along the line repeated attempts were made to discourage and dispirit the marchers. Difficulties were raised so that they could not obtain sleeping quarters, hold demonstrations, or even communicate with hundreds of thousands of other hungry Americans.

Having failed to split up the marchers and to turn them back, the authorities then proceeded to terrorize them. Accordingly, on Sunday, December 4, the hunger marchers were met in Washington by a large police escort and shunted into an isolated street, which was immediately sealed by heavy cordons of police at both ends. Twelve hundred policemen, seven hundred deputized firemen equipped with tear gas, sawed-off rifles, and sub-machine-guns, in addition to the militia which was held in readiness in the barracks, were prepared to meet three thousand unarmed, weary, worn, and undernourished men and women.

The street in which the marchers were imprisoned for nearly three days lies between a railroad yard and a treeless hill on the outskirts of town. The yard, glutted with empty Pullman cars that could have housed from ten to fifteen thousand homeless people, was covered by plain-clothes men to cut off any escape that way. On top of the hill were machine-guns, which at first, and to an unprepared observer, looked like a battery of cameras. The tear-gas squad was stationed on the bluff. The photographer from the Washington *Herald,* who was standing on the roof of a truck, was carrying a gas-mask. One of the officers of the tear-gas squad said to a reporter: "The trouble with the Ford job was that they only had $1,000 worth of gas." He went on to explain that $10,000 had been spent on gas for the present "hunger marchers' job." Four trucks were filled with it. In each policeman's kit there were two lots of tear gas to one of sickening or D. N. gas.

On Sunday the marchers were held virtually incomunicado. Besides, there was no water, no hydrant on the street. Not until evening was a truck permitted to leave to bring back cans of water. Many of the men and women went to bed without it. On December 5, while Congress on the floor of the House was arguing for and against beer, there was not enough water to drink and none to wash with in the hunger camp. There were no sanitary arrangements either, and the men and women were harassed and chased from one place to another by jeering policemen. The second day the marchers were given permission to build a toilet. Four different times the men had gone ahead with this, in each instance having received the approval of the police inspector, and each time the police doctor had informed them that they would have to construct it elsewhere in order to comply

with sanitary regulations! In the face of this, and notwithstanding the fact that the police had violated the most fundamental health rules provided by law and medicine, the marchers maintained unbroken discipline and order. They carefully refrained from offering the police the slightest provocation.

There were no cots or beds in the camp. Although "sympathizers," among whom were Quakers, radicals, workingmen, and humanitarian citizens of Washington, had offered accommodations sufficient to house a thousand hunger delegates, the police would not release them for the night. Some slept in the trucks. Others, ill with fever and exposure, old and young, men and women, fatigued and with nothing in their stomachs but a cup of coffee and a sandwich, lay down on the cold asphalt. For pillows they used ragged bundles or shoes.

Sick men and women could not get hospital attention without the approval of the police doctor. When a feverish marcher was taken out, it was feet first. As one was being carried out to the ambulance, a policeman said: "Well, I guess it would be inhuman to let him die!" At the same time it was apparent that the police were dominated by a determination which one officer expressed when he said: "Let him die here. We don't want him to die in Washington." It would not do to allow a hungry American to die of starvation on the streets of the capital. The hunger marchers were political prisoners and were accorded the treatment meted out to criminals, with the difference that even in the most backward jails convicts are at least provided with food and water.

The next day the hunger camp hummed with camera men, detectives, reporters, stool pigeons. The citizens of Washington were still sanctimoniously isolated from the marchers. In accordance with this policy, Major Brown, the Police Commissioner, who wanted to perform his duties with more competence than General Glassford, his predecessor, who had been "too easy" with the B. E. F., issued a Foch-like pronouncement: "They will not parade."

Congress had opened its session. Members of the League of Professional Groups and the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners were knocking at the door of every Senator and Representative who, they thought, might evince some interest in the constitutional rights of American citizens. Legal machinery was set in operation by liberals in an attempt to obtain an injunction restraining the police from holding the marchers.

The police, having failed to incite the hunger marchers to riot, started a campaign of more pernicious provocations and red-baiting. The tear-gas squad on the hill began to "test" the bombs by throwing them into a bonfire. As the bombs exploded, the wind, which was blowing in the direction of the delegates below, carried the sickening fumes into the trucks where men and women were sitting and standing, causing them much discomfort. Committees of citizens passing back and forth were spat upon and jeered at. Whenever a marcher came near, one policeman would leer at another with "Hello, Comrade."

Doubtless the press played a large role in all this. In order to give their stories a sexy and gamy flavor some papers stated that men and women were sleeping standing up locked in each other's arms. The newspapers had previously run column articles declaring that each hunger marcher was receiving five dollars a day from Moscow. Sensation rather than fact was the dominant feature, and the following kind of reporting was typical. A headline ran: "Rumor, Dynamite in Communists' Trucks." Below, in small letters, was "Rumor Unfounded." This must have helped to inflame the police force. As a matter of fact, one police officer said that he knew there was a nest of machine-guns in one of the marchers' trucks. However, no investigation was ever made. And even when articles, representing the opinions of individual reporters who had actually witnessed the scene,

Drawing by William Gropper

were sympathetic to the hunger marchers, the headlines, expressing the editorial policies of the paper, were more often than not at complete variance with the stories.

Toward five that afternoon the marchers fell into ranks. Two columns, each four abreast, extended down the street for more than half a mile. It was a dress rehearsal for the parade the following day. Since no permit had been granted, the police inspector took the demonstration for a threat and put in a riot call. A siren rang out over the hill. Motorcycle cops bounded over the bluff, buses of policemen were unloaded. The police with clubs in their hands dared the marchers to cross the line where the rope was stretched across the width of the street.

Banners were hoisted by the marchers: "We Demand Shelter for the Homeless," "We Demand Unemployment Insurance," "Fight Against Starvation." The red-front band started to play the "Internationale" as the ranks came nearer and nearer the rope. As the tear-gas squad stood in readiness, bombs poised in their hands, one yelled: "The yellow rats, why don't they do something? I'm rarin' to go!" Then, when it seemed as if the bombs were about to descend, a plain-clothes man turned his head the other way saying, "I'm not going to look at this." At that moment the writer, who was also standing on the bluff next to the tear-gas squad, felt as if he had been turned over in an automobile accident and had lost consciousness for several seconds. In geometric formation and with the clicking precision of typewriter keys the marchers made a left-squad turn. The police jeered hysterically and the hunger marchers booed.

Later, Senator Costigan came out and was indignant at what he saw. La Guardia was there and equally aroused. Congressmen Swing and Amlie visited the camp, among others. Howard Williams of the L. I. P. A. said that if there were no police, there would be no trouble. That night about four hundred men and women were allowed to leave the camp and sleep in lodgings in Washington. The police, many of whom were drunk, broke loose and slashed the tires of seventeen trucks.

The permit to parade the next day was granted, but the guard surrounding the marchers was so thick that some of the unsuspecting spectators in the throngs must have thought it was a police and firemen's parade on the way to a ball and that the hunger marchers were a crowd of curious civilians following it. The crowds neither booed nor cheered. There was in Washington that morning all the semblance and surcharged atmosphere of martial law. The citizens were explosively timorous. Perhaps something of the tense and electric silence with which they watched the hunger marchers may be explained in terms of Mark Twain's "The Mysterious Stranger," in which but one man of all those who threw stones at a beautiful witch really had a grudge against her. The others threw stones because each one was afraid that the man standing next to him was antagonistic.

It seems that the significance of the hunger march, which must include the bonus army and the farmers' conference, and its place in the political history of the United States will depend not so much upon the present, tentative reactions of public opinion as upon the kind of organizing and mass maneuvering it may release in the near future. Prognostications will be much more in order by the end of 1933, the year of our lord Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Dissenting Opinion

Down with Beer!

I AM concerned about many of my friends who have drifted into the business of running speakeasies. I feel that they are in some peril because of the threat of legal beer. Despite the betrayal of their party pledge by thirty-three Democrats, there is surely a danger that we shall get beer. In anticipation of such Congressional action many hotel-owners have already chalked out areas for refurbished bars and polished brass rails. I am more sorry for the speakeasy crowd than for the legitimate victualers, because compassion flows more freely over whiskey sours than over chicken à la king. But both groups have provided public entertainment and should not be tortured by guile.

After beer is legalized, the innkeepers will set up bars, but I predict that few people will remain to smooth off the beer-soaked mahogany. The effect of this scarce and idle spilling of beer will lead many other people in the land to shout: Let's forget about repeal. Isn't beer enough? Now you have your liquor, what more do you want? If you want hard liquor, you must want to get drunk. The truth of the matter is that many do want their tongues to garble their words but will be afraid to say so, and repeal will be shoved still farther into the distance. Meanwhile, the hotel men will have won only an empty stein.

At the speakeasies the crowds will continue to gather, but here again mild beer will bring no joy to man or woman. More than 32,000 cordial shops and brownstone basements in the city of New York at present invite the friendly, the lonely, and the thirsty. These merchants pay to federal agents and national fixers a high bounty for protection. Of course, most of it is passed on to the imbibers. But when beer comes into the legal realm, States and cities will not be asleep. Malt drinks invite a local tax as well as a federal one, and the easiest way to collect it is through a system of licensing.

The implications of local licenses are mighty and clear. In addition to paying the federal boys for protection as at present, the dispensers will have to pay tribute as well to the local Tammanys throughout the land, who will not overlook this comparatively easy source of political revenue through handing out permits. In the good old days saloon permits had a high and regularly fixed market value, even though liquor was then legal. The price per permit in the days to come will, of course, multiply many times the old graft.

But it would not be so bad if the speakeasy had to pay a penalty only to enter the profession or had to fork up also at times of renewals of permits. Governmental authorities would be receiving some tax revenue and persons connected with the dominant political party would be making only scant livings out of the issuance and renewal of licenses. The real vice will derive from the fact that, once licensed, the operator of the speakeasy will be susceptible to constant pressure and graft. It will always be easy to threaten the revocation of a permit. The local police will always be able to whisper the fact that hard liquor is sold alongside of beer. Respectable blackmail will be the fashion.

I am opposed to legalizing beer. If we do so, I don't

think we shall get much more beer. What we do get will cost plenty. It won't be potent. Graft will be increased. More public officials will be corrupted; public pressure for repeal will diminish. I prefer to hold to Emerson who urged nullification as a noble process. Short of repeal, I think that we would do better to call it a draw. Then we might get down to worrying about milk and roofs and jobs.

MORRIS L. ERNST

In the Driftway

ST. DAVID'S ISLAND, at the northern tip of the Bermudas, is one of the inaccessible regions of the world. An aged motor launch provides the only public transportation. With the exception of an extra trip at eleven o'clock on Saturday or other special nights, its plyings back and forth between the King's Square in St. George's and the small pier at St. David's cease at nightfall. By seven o'clock the last ferry has gone and come back again. From then on through the long hours until dawn, St. David's lies, cast loose from the world, wrapped in its own darkness.

* * * * *

THE Drifter boarded the dingy ferry in the mid-afternoon of a day of passing clouds, swift showers, and bright sun. The boat was crowded with children going home from school—there is none on St. David's. They swarmed over the top of the little cabin among the ropes and boxes and hung like barnacles to the boat's edges. And not one of them was either pure white or pure black. They ranged instead through all the mellow shades unknown to racial pride and prejudice. The ferry was late in starting. Before it pulled away the Drifter had time to observe every fellow-passenger from the freckle-faced, yellow-skinned child, who immediately fixed upon him a smiling unwavering stare, to the undistinguished but ingenious dog which lay under the seat and rose at intervals to scrape his back against the sharp edge. For a while the boat with its noisy motor cut through the smooth and spacious waters of St. George's harbor. It was when it turned into a sheltered inlet that the Drifter entered a new world. On either side the darkly cedared shores of St. David's rose out of deep shaded water to a bright sky. St. George's and its harbor had disappeared as if they had never existed.

* * * * *

AT St. David's pier there is no settlement, except for the Black Horse bar which offers a crude but well-stocked hospitality. The boat turned back, the passengers dispersed to unseen cottages, and the Drifter found himself walking up a rutted hill road through cedar woods in a deserted silence that was only deepened by the presence of the child with the permanent stare who trailed behind him. She had disappeared by the time he reached the lighthouse, where an amiable and voluble Scotchman led the way to the high balcony. To the north lay the varicolored sea; to the south St. David's spread out in a dark evergreen mass under a smoky cloud that temporarily hid the sun. Only near at hand a few white cottages showed. St. George's, from this height, and the boats in its surrounding waters, seemed more than ever remote.

FROM the lighthouse the Drifter followed a grassy path that ended in a broad curving beach of white sand. Two children climbing among the rocks and a row of dilapidated cabañas were the only human signs. For a long time the Drifter sat motionless while the sun sank beyond ever thickening clouds, and the rising tide, under the late light, shone as smooth and cool as steel. The sun disappeared, and every sound subsided under the pressure of darkness. The swish of the encroaching sea as it ran along the sand and fell back again grew louder and heavier. Walking back through the dusk to catch the last boat for St. George's, the Drifter was conscious of a slight breathlessness at the prospect of being left unhoused in the darkness of St. David's night. As the little boat chugged back, loud and substantial, through the shadowy night, he reflected on the quality that induces inaccessibility and he added St. David's to the list of those deserted islands where settling down might be a new adventure.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Regulating Utilities

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with adequate regulation of public utilities, we hear a great deal about laws that are proposed for the creation of regulatory bodies or for the guidance of such bodies, and about the ideal functions that such bodies should serve. Since we may assume that we shall have stringent regulations before we have government ownership and operation of utilities, we might at least have a more practical explanation of how these regulatory commissions would go about getting the facts upon which, ultimately, rates are to be based.

The public pays the substantial salaries of utility lawyers and the veritable army of utility specialists when it pays bills for utility service. The public pays, through municipal, county, State, or federal governments, the salaries of the lawyers and experts who are supposed to fight the public's battles before the commissions. And the public pays the salaries of the commissioners and their advisers. Unfortunately, the public has been paying for better talent and facilities to defeat itself than to defend itself.

This may not exactly be news, but there has evolved from the system a barrier that it will not be easy to hurdle. The utility lawyers and experts have been building up voluminous records of supposed facts concerning utility operation. The complexity of these records cannot adequately be described here, but those who have observed at first hand the presentation of volumes of evidence before the various commissions know precisely how elaborate and labyrinthine these records are. These complicated records are submitted before commissions. That is where "regulation" begins today. We shall charitably assume that the commissions are "agents of the people" and not "mere arbitrators." The commission staffs study the utility-organized records. The lawyers and experts for the people do likewise. Then come the hearings. What do we find? We find the people's case built upon the company's facts. Heads I win, tails you lose. As Ernest Gruening aptly puts it, the public pays.

Observe what happens at any typical hearing before a "regulatory" commission on rate matters. Observe the $50,000-a-year utility counsel, the limitless facilities for gathering utility data. And on the public's side? You will observe $5,000-a-year lawyers who are, perhaps, earnest enough. They rarely have the facilities for adequate investigation and they begin where the

company has left off—with the "facts" gathered by the company.

When *The Nation* discussed Governor Roosevelt's position on valuations of utilities, it propounded inferentially the same problem. So long as the companies initially set up valuations, whether they are of the reproduction-cost, prudent-investment, or catch-as-catch-can variety, I think that the records bear out my contention that we are building on foundations of sand. Why delude ourselves with "demands" upon commissions operating under existing machinery, or with hypothetical programs or terminology, until we have first planted the public's representatives somewhere in the companies' organizations, participating in the formation of the records and facts? As long as the "facts" with which we deal are company facts—and that covers everything from mere records to the expenditure of funds by the company on its own plants—we shall be shadow-boxing.

If we are to move toward adequate regulation, let us now discuss how we propose to participate in the organization of all the facts upon which utility rates are based. Certainly it is evident that we must achieve such participation if we are to accomplish anything that will do the consumer any good.

New York, December 1 MAURICE G. POSTLEY

The Vote for Thomas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The vote for Norman Thomas here, as elsewhere, was small, and for an obvious reason. His followers were determined to get rid of Hoover first. Had the Socialists in this community had any idea that Hoover would be defeated in the State by a majority of 15,000, Thomas would have polled thousands of votes instead of a few hundred.

Laramie, Wyo., December 1 C. P. ARNOLD

"Technocracy"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the several articles on "technocracy" that have recently appeared in the magazines, including *The Nation,* I note two omissions—no definition of technocracy is given and the origin of the word and theory of government connoted thereby is lacking.

Technocracy is a proposed new system and philosophy of government. It implies scientific reorganization of national energy and resources, coordinating industrial democracy to effect the will of the people. This is the concept and philosophy of government that I originated and for which I coined and defined the word technocracy.

This new theory of government I set forth in three articles published in 1919. The first of the series appeared in the February, 1919, issue of *Industrial Management,* of New York, under the title Human Instincts in Reconstruction—An Analysis of Urges and Suggestions for Their Direction. The second article, published in March, 1919, was entitled Technocracy—National Industrial Management. Practical Suggestions for National Reconstruction. Of this article the editorial foreword gave the following synopsis: "After outlining and characterizing the great economic drifts in the national developments of the past, the author declares that during the period of war the United States has developed the new form of government for which there is no precedent in human experience. He calls this 'Technocracy'—the organizing, coordinating, and directing through industrial management on a nation-wide scale of the scientific knowledge and practical skill of all the people who could contribute to the accomplishment of a great national purpose. Carry this new form of government into the days of peace and we will have industrial democracy—a new commonwealth."

The third essay, entitled Technocracy—Ways and Means to Gain Industrial Democracy, was published in May, 1919. During 1920-21, in the Berkeley *Daily Gazette,* I republished these three articles, amplified by additional essays, all under the caption Technocracy. The last of these twelve articles appeared June 8, 1921. As each series (of four articles) was completed I reprinted the series in pamphlet form. Several thousand of these pamphlets were sent out by me in the years 1920 and 1921 to influential persons, including national and State government officials, presidents of universities, and the members of university departments of engineering, economics, and political science.

Berkeley, Cal., November 28 W. H. SMYTH

Help the Workers!

Labor Prisoners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Annually in the Christmas season we appeal to all sympathizers to help us bring some holiday cheer into the lives of brave men and women imprisoned throughout the United States for labor activities. This year the need is greater than ever before. The tide of the labor struggle has been rising. Police repression has been more violent and brutal. There are today more than 100 labor prisoners serving long-term sentences. Their "crimes" are picketing, distributing leaflets, possessing illegal literature, organizing strikes, belonging to radical organizations. Many, like Tom Mooney, are victims of the most transparent frame-ups.

The Prisoners Relief Fund aims to send each prisoner $5 to buy a few comforts, stamps, stationery, a little candy, or tobacco. At the same time it tries to do something even more important—to relieve the families of prisoners from starvation and want. Contributions should be sent to the fund at 80 East Eleventh Street, New York.

New York, December 13 SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Miners on Trial

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Trials will soon begin in the cases of twenty-two miners indicted on charges of murder, the outcome of a clash between striking miners and coal-company gunmen at Evarts, Kentucky, on May 5, 1931. These staunch union men face life-imprisonment sentences unless the General Defense Committee can provide sufficient funds for legal expenses. F. M. Bratcher, one of the miners, will be brought to trial the fourth time; his first and second trials resulted in hung juries, and in the third trial he was acquitted. Forty-three men were originally charged with murder, and for eighteen months the General Defense Committee has been fighting for their freedom and also providing relief for their dependents, numbering over thirty women and children.

As winter approaches, suffering of the most abject character is in store for many unfortunate victims of the class struggle in Kentucky unless help is forthcoming. Contributions may be sent to the General Defense Committee at 555 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois, or to the New York representative at P. O. Box 51, Station D, New York City.

New York, November 30 LAWRENCE J. SECO,
Secretary, Kentucky Miners Defense
and Relief Committee

Books for Workers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Textile workers in North Carolina are showing great interest in reading and study groups, but unfortunately the demand for books greatly exceeds the supply. The workers cannot buy books on wages that range from $2.50 to $4 a week. A circulating library has been started and several persons have already sent books and magazines, but we need many more.

There are many requests for such publications as Tom Tippett's "When Southern Labor Stirs," "Clash" by Ellen Wilkerson, and the books of Upton Sinclair. Anyone wishing to contribute any of these or any other books or magazines suitable for use in workers' study groups may send them to me at 512 Willard Street, Durham, North Carolina.

Durham, N. C., November 20 Beulah Carter,
Organizer American Federation of Full-Fashion Hosiery Workers Union

Toys for Miners' Children

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Far up the hollows that twist among the West Virginia hills live the forgotten people of the nation's sickest industry—soft-coal miners and their families. To them unemployment is an old story. Meager relief from local agencies has decreased and in some places stopped altogether.

These families are in constant need of help in the form of food, clothing, or money. At this particular time, however, we are asking for aid in providing the children of destitute miners with the Christmas joy that every child ought to have.

Last Christmas we were able to send toys or books to 3,400 forgotten children. The number needing them is even greater this year. Enlist the help of your friends in collecting playthings—games, toys, children's books, and dolls, especially dolls—and mail your packages direct to the Christmas Party Committee, care of the West Virginia Mine Workers Union, Room 9, Old Kanawha Valley Bank Building, Charleston, West Virginia. Toys needing repairs or those which you cannot send direct may be mailed or brought to Pioneer Youth Shop, 69 Bank Street, New York City. Cash contributions may be sent to either address.

League for Industrial Democracy

New York, December 14

Tampa's Political Prisoners

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Shocked readers of the article Tampa's Reign of Terror, published in your issue of December 7, have written to me to inquire what is being done in defense of the fifteen cigar workers serving sentences technically for assault, actually for being suspected of radical sympathies. Contributions have come to me for the relief of the prisoners' families, and for prison relief of the two women among the fifteen. One correspondent tells me that the horrible story has made him "cigar-conscious" and incloses a check covering what he would otherwise have spent on cigars for the week.

The legal defense of the case is in the hands of the International Labor Defense, and the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, known also as the Dreiser Committee, has formed a committee to turn public attention to the vicious use of the courts in Tampa by cigar manufacturers, and to collect funds for the defense of the prisoners and the relief of their families, now in bitter want. The members of this committee are Waldo Frank, John Dos Passos, Malu Cabrera, Alberto Rembao, J. Miguel Bejarano, and the writer.

The case is nationally important because it sets a precedent by which aliens especially can be punished for their politics, and the politics of their friends and relatives, in a criminal court. These prisoners have been treated so savagely that one of the fifteen went insane after a few months. A few days ago another, Carlos Lezama, also broke down, but is still in jail instead of in a hospital. Two others, Ismael Cruz and Angel Cabrera, have recently been transferred from the Florida State Farm at Raiford to what is known as "the flat top" in the Tampa County jail. This is an instrument of torture similar to the "sweat-box" in which Arthur Maillefert was strangled. It is a small room inside the jail "just big enough for one man to be pushed into, with a powerful hot light burning over his head."

If funds are forthcoming, the case will be taken to the State Supreme Court soon enough, perhaps, to save some of the prisoners from the insane asylum, the tuberculosis hospital, or the grave. Address protests to the Governor of Florida, the Mayor of Tampa, and to Mr. Jerome Regensburg at 411 Fifth Avenue, New York City; send contributions to the Tampa Prisoners Committee, National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, Room 611, St. Denis Building, Eleventh Street and Broadway, New York.

New York, December 10 Anita Brenner

Socialist Locals

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial note of November 9 about the increase in the Socialist organization is appreciated. We believe it is the most significant fact of the election year. However, when you say, "In May of this year only 83 communities supported party locals," you are confusing the number of new locals formed from January to May with the number of locals already in existence on January 1 or on May 1. On January 1 we had nearly 1,000 local communities organized. Almost 600 new locals have been organized since then.

Chicago, November 30 Clarence Senior

Contributors to This Issue

Louis Fischer, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Machines and Men in Russia."

Joseph Barber, Jr., has spent most of his time since June, 1931, in the Near and Far East.

Harry Scherman is the president of the Book of the Month Club.

Raymond Leslie Buell is research director of the Foreign Policy Association.

Drew Pearson is a Washington newspaper correspondent.

Edward Dahlberg is the author of "Bottom Dogs" and "Flushing to Calvary."

Newton Arvin is professor of English at Smith College.

Arthur Warner is the author of "A Landlubber's Log," and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

Louis M. Hacker, in collaboration with Benjamin B. Kendrick, is the author of "The United States Since 1865."

William Harlan Hale is the author of a "Challenge to Defeat: Modern Man in Goethe's World and Spengler's Century."

Travis Hoke, a former editor of *Popular Science Monthly*, is now doing free-lance writing.

Books, Music, Drama

Prelude

By CONRAD AIKEN

This image or another, this quick choosing
raindrop choosing a path through grains of sand
the blood-drop choosing its way, that the dead world
may wake and think or sleep and dream

this gesture or another, this quick action
the bough broken by the wind and flung down
the hand striking or touching, that the dead world
may know itself and forget itself

this memory or another, this brief picture
sunbeam on the shriveled and frosted leaf
a world of selves trying to remember the self
before the idea of self is lost—

walk with me world, upon my right hand walk,
speak to me babel, that I may strive to assemble
of all these syllables a single word
before the purpose of speech is gone.

Lowell, Alas

New Letters of James Russell Lowell. Edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Harper and Brothers. $4.

A MODERN French critic, on being asked who, in his opinion, was the greatest French poet of the nineteenth century, is said to have replied: "Victor Hugo, alas." Similarly, if one were forced to reply to the question, Who was the best letter-writer in America in the nineteenth century? one would probably have to answer: "Alas, James Russell Lowell." Not that, even with the reservation, the distinction is a tremendous one: the letter as a literary form has never flourished in American literature, at least since the eighteenth century, and even Lowell, in spite of what Leslie Stephen said, is not in a class with Gray and Cowper. But temperamentally he had much in common with those slippered men, even to the lurking melancholy behind all their playfulness; and his letters have a vitality that little else in his work seems any longer to sustain. Scores of his letters were long ago printed by C. E. Norton and by Lowell's biographer, Scudder; but scores have remained unprinted, and Mr. Howe has managed to bring together in a large volume a collection of these, many of which are quite as much worth preserving as any of the others. He has printed them, moreover, happily with less "discretion" than his predecessors; he has equipped the volume with just the right kind and quantity of annotation; and the result is a book that puts one into the best possible frame of mind for appreciating James Russell Lowell.

Certainly his pleasantest personal traits are here, rather than in his mostly tepid poetry or his dreadfully arch and wayward criticisms. Without very wide human sympathies, Lowell had the intensest personal affections, and as the largest single group of letters in this volume is made up of letters to his daughter (his only surviving child), the warmest and sweetest side of his nature is fully in evidence. In this respect, his life had its tragic aspect—in the early death of the remarkable Maria White, his first wife, and the madness and death of his second wife; and this is what accounts, in part, for the gloom which he never admitted into his public character, but which occasionally comes to the surface in his private communications. Yet of course he was not a mere moper; and the mild comic sense which is so often a bore in his critical essays expresses itself far more suitably and agreeably in his letters. Nor was Lowell by any means lacking in the faculty of sharp characterization and destructive portraiture. One remembers a phrase, in a letter printed by Norton, about Franklin Pierce ("the real Elijah Pogram"); and in one of these new letters he speaks of Millard Fillmore as "one of the stupidest-looking men I ever saw—a *very* foolish person as far as looks go." In a letter to his daughter from Paris (1873) he writes thus of M. Thiers at the Academy:

> Thiers is a punchy little fellow who looks like his photographs except that they fail to give the expression of intense self-satisfaction which stereotypes his countenance. It is a firm round head, looking hard enough to go through a wall and with a look that says, "This is the likeness of a man who cannot by any possibility be mistaken." The upper lip is very short and the under is brought up against and over it with a firmness that has also its *soupçon* of self-conceit. Take it for all in all, however, it was one of those heads that you don't get out of the way without cutting them off.

One can hardly credit Lowell with a full sense of M. Thiers's historic role, but there is a little of Daumier in this drawing.

There was a little of Daumier in his make-up (as the "Biglow Papers" demonstrate), but what makes him, psychologically and sociologically, an interesting figure is the unstable mixture in him of a little of Daumier with a great deal of O. W. Holmes or even of Edward Everett. The truth is, he was a hopelessly ununified person whose best perceptions, whose finest impulses, were always—especially after his ardent youth—at war with his ineradicable snobbishness, his horror of the unrespectable, his indolent refusal to think hard about anything. On literary grounds, for example, he could not help admiring the early realistic fiction of Howells and James, and he was even reluctantly fascinated by Zola; but in writing to the younger Americans I have mentioned he confesses that his respect for them is inconsistent, since "by nature I prefer romances," as he said to James, or since, again, "[I] like to get in my novels just what I *don't* get in life."

On political grounds he was a sincere democrat, according to his lights, and he had glimpses into the dark destiny of American democracy after the Civil War: "Our government," he wrote to Henry James in 1891, "is fast getting to be a game of poker among our millioners [sic]," and he confessed to having a "good bit" of the leaven of Howells's socialism in him. But Cambridge was far stronger in him than Fanueil Hall: his ministry to England found him in temperamental harmony with the English upper classes whom he had belabored in the "Biglow Papers," and he could even speak, in a formal letter, of Queen Victoria as "the august lady"! Probably it was this lifelong conflict of loyalties in him, along with his personal tragedies, that accounts for the strain of gloom in his naturally buoyant character: already, in 1867, when he is still in his forties, he begins talking in the vein of a back-number: "So many young fellows crowd up to push us from our stools, whose habits of thought we find it hard to understand, whose style is what we are unused to, and whose interests are alien to us." It is as if George Ticknor were murmuring a shocked protest against the antics of Bret Harte or Mark Twain. Torn between two class attitudes as he was, no wonder he yielded, in later years especially, to a consolatory pessimism. "I know very little of the P[rogress] of the W[orld]," he wrote to Henry James in 1886,

"and what little I know doesn't altogether please me, as being plainly toward the Pit." In that sentence the Emersonian hopefulness gets its epitaph, and the spirit of old Cambridge, simultaneously and paradoxically, lets out a senile growl.

NEWTON ARVIN

Slander and Libel

Hold Your Tongue! By Morris L. Ernst and Alexander Lindey. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

THE subject of libel, being both esoteric and scandalous, furnishes an excellent topic for general conversation. No court actions are more piquant than those in which it is involved, and the layman always has the feeling that high technical distinctions, almost theologically subtle, are about to be made. He will probably welcome, therefore, the present lively volume which takes him behind the scenes, and if he is personally nervous he may be reassured to learn that the costs as well as the delays characteristic of the law make it extremely unlikely that any particular action will ever be fought to a finish—no matter how furiously indignant the complainant may be. But if this same layman hopes that the subject will be made really clear, if he has naively supposed that lawyers themselves know what is libelous and what is not, he will be disillusioned and alarmed. For Messrs. Ernst and Lindey make it abundantly clear that the lawyer cannot be much more precise than the layman himself. The law of libel is a vast confusion of definitions which do not define, distinctions which do not distinguish, and precedents so wildly inconsistent with one another that they will establish both sides of almost any question.

It has, for example, been held libelous to call a man an "arch-hypocrite" but not libelous to call him a "political hypocrite." In the State of Tennessee one may, with impunity, call a woman a "hermaphrodite,'" but one may not make the picturesque charge in Ohio. California has decided that "son of a bitch" is not in itself libelous; New York has gone farther and legalized the addition of the adjective "God damn" to this popular insult; but there has, on the other hand, been established a strange distinction which makes it not libelous to say of a man that "he caught the pox," but libelous to say of him that "he got the pox by a yellow-haired wench." You may say of a newspaper, "This miserable sheet is getting more vulgar, ignorant, and scurrilous all the time," but damages have been assessed against a man for saying, "This paper is falling in circulation." Even stranger are some of the reasons given for decisions. Thus, in Minnesota, the statement, "You did rob the town of St. Cloud, you are a public robber," was held not libelous because the crime of robbery cannot be committed against a town; and, similarly, there was no redress for a church warden who was accused of stealing the bell ropes, because the warden is custodian of the ropes and cannot steal his own property. On the other hand, when it was said of a woman, "She did have pups," and when the accused sought to defend herself by alleging the inherent improbability of the accusation, a learned judge in Indiana held in an opinion of considerable length that though the people are bound to know the law they are not bound to know scientific facts and may therefore be presumed capable of supposing that the charge was a possible one. And this despite the fact that in New York it was decided that the statement, "She had a litter of pups," was not libelous for exactly the reason that it could not be true. No wonder that the authors of this book warn its critics that even after they have read it, they will still have to guess how far they can go in their animadversions upon it; or that they cynically confess that when any publisher seeks the advice of a competent lawyer as to the advisability of publishing any piece of writing, the lawyer will consider, not the law, which nobody knows, but merely the likelihood that the person concerned will bring suit.

Underlying the often hilarious expositions of the book is the thesis, first, that the law of libel is a conspicuous example of the way in which the law clumsily adapts itself to the reigning *mores,* and, second, that there are harmful inconsistencies in its attitude toward the unfavorable criticism of different classes of persons or goods. One may say almost anything about a book, a play, or a picture. Ordinarily one may freely allege the incompetence of an artist, endeavor to destroy his professional standing, and even descend to personal ridicule. But one must be very careful what one says about a doctor, an architect, or a lawyer, and one must be doubly careful what one says about the worth of any article offered for sale. In other words, it is presumed that the public has a right to the benefits of a free expression of opinion about the book it might buy or the play it might visit, but that it does not have the right to learn what qualified experts think about the worth of any particular brand of shoes or sealing wax. Hence the United States Bureau of Standards will not supply its information to the consumer, and Consumers' Research can supply only "confidential information" to its members. Messrs. Ernst and Lindey believe that this situation is obviously undesirable, and they believe also that the activity of such an organization as Consumers' Research will gradually establish the right of the buyer to opinions as frank as those which he can already obtain about books or plays.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

When We Were Peter Pan

Our Times: The United States, 1900-1925. Volume IV: 1909-1914. By Mark Sullivan. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.

MARK SULLIVAN hesitates to compress an age within a phrase. He says that descriptions like the "Mauve Decade" or the "Tragic Era" commonly mislead. That is so. George Eliot protested against slogans long before the word had been popularized (she called them maxims), saying they were a lazy man's device to save the trouble of thinking. That is so, too. Yet the average mind needs a peg—a mental subway strap—to which to cling, and generalization is necessary even if mildly erroneous.

So this reviewer seizes a sentence in which Mr. Sullivan speaks of "a Peter Pan quality" in the five years in America from 1909 to 1914 as best describing the epoch. There was a vast increase in mechanical power and diffusion of material wealth (Taft traveled on Pennsylvania Avenue in a horse-drawn vehicle to be inaugurated in 1909, while four years later Wilson used an automobile), but rampant materialism was less specially typical of the age than what Mr. Sullivan calls "dynamic humanitarianism." In this era America reached perhaps its most exalted and ecstatic belief in fairies. It manifested a childlike faith in tricks like direct primaries and the commission form of government (antithetic aims, characteristically). In an orgy of sentimentalism it tilted against phantom windmills like "white slavery," and imagined it was effecting change by muttering such abracadabra as "civic virtue," "human betterment," and "social justice."

After declining to summarize the period in a phrase, the author, with refreshing inconsistency, picks a symbol for it in Andrew Carnegie, then at the height of his fame. Combining a ruthless materialism with a sentimental humanitarianism (which he kept carefully separated in watertight compartments), Carnegie reflects faithfully America's Peter Pan Age. There were forces other than the dominant ones at work—undermining them. Mr. Sullivan mentions Omar Khayyám, Freud, and Shaw. He concedes but does not esteem Shaw's influence. He

says the most damning possible epitaph for American intellectuals of the first quarter of this century would be "They took Bernard Shaw seriously."

Mr. Sullivan's method of presenting history is so well known, and has been so widely acclaimed, that it is not necessary to dwell on it. It is enough to say that this reviewer, having devoured the first half of the new book—devoted to the social history of the period—as voraciously as a codfish gulps down squid, told himself that the political story of the Taft Administration, which follows, could not possibly prove so enjoyable. He was mistaken. It did. All this is not to say that the author's judgments are invariably acceptable. When he says that O. Henry "developed a new technique, the surprise ending," one recalls that master of the device, De Maupassant; and the dictum that Irvin Cobb wrote "a few stories not inferior to Poe's" will provoke some readers to exclaim, "Name them!"

America's Peter Pan Age was a pleasant if not a heroic period in which to be alive, but one surmises—although Mr. Sullivan makes no prediction—that its repercussion in history will be negligible. One wonders if it is not destined for the same oblivion which already has overtaken its symbol, Andrew Carnegie, who is little more today, as Mr. Sullivan says, "than a name carved in stone over a library door."

ARTHUR WARNER

Muckrakers and Reformers

The Era of the Muckrakers. By C. C. Regier. University of North Carolina Press. $2.50.

Farewell to Reform. By John Chamberlain. Liveright. $3.

THESE two books admirably illustrate the widening gulf that today separates American lay from academic scholars, particularly in the field of historical writing. They both are excellent works, but with what a difference! Dr. Regier's study was originally completed in the early 1920's, presumably as a Ph.D. thesis, and after having circulated rather widely in manuscript form, it now makes its initial appearance as a printed volume. It is a painstaking record of the purposes and achievements of the muckrakers—Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, Ray S. Baker, Gustavus Myers, Charles E. Russell, and many lesser lights—that school of journalists that flourished and declined with the pulp magazines of a quarter century ago.

Dr. Regier has carefully followed the careers of these magazine writers of exposure through their printed work; apparently he has examined the complete files of the *Arena, McClure's, Everybody's, American Magazine, Collier's, Cosmopolitan, Hampton's,* and many other such periodicals, and what he has given us, in effect, is a fully documented analysis in topical form of his researches. Thus there are chapters called The Rise of the Popular Magazine, The Shameless Cities, The Battle with Big Business, Changing the Church, and the like. The result is a characteristic product of the kind we have grown to expect from many professional scholars: a sort of channeling off of a thin trickle of water which, while it does afford opportunity for leisurely examination, not only is completely separated from the source and mouth of the main stream, but also has been robbed of the vitality of the stream itself. The cut-off fluid in the ditch is turbid and lifeless; while the river rushes on to pour itself into the ocean. Nothing more completely exposes the confusion of this method than the two contradictory conclusions Dr. Regier has reached. So, in his final chapter, he justly declares: ". . . muckraking, however necessary and however valuable it might have been for the time being, was essentially a superficial attack upon the problem which demanded—and demands—fundamental analysis and treatment"; while in his preface, after reciting examples of prevailing corruption in our modern business and politics, he raises the futile question: "Are we not in need of exposures today?"

Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, like so many of our young lay scholars today, boldly pursues the course of the main stream, from its headwaters to its final passage. What we have, as a result, is an illuminating and brilliantly written history of that American period which started with the collapse of Populism and ended with the collapse of Wilsonism. "Farewell to Reform," like the author's own characterization of Walter Lippmann's "Preface to Politics," is "buoyantly youthful"; yet it is wiser by exactly the twenty years which separate the two books. Mr. Chamberlain, having had the saddening advantage of the entire record of the reform movement, knows what Walter Lippmann could not know in 1913: that there is no return—to the open frontier whose passing was the basis of Populist discontent, to the "primitive capitalism" so insistently at the heart of the elder La Follette's creed, to governments (which, perhaps, have never existed) by generous and disinterested men. Civilization must either inexorably move ahead or it must sink into stagnation; there is no turning back. And in a suggestive last chapter Mr. Chamberlain posits the dilemma of all intelligent persons whose only choice is cynicism or revolution.

If I have any quarrel with Mr. Chamberlain it is that he has mixed his method. His critique of "Fighting Bob" La Follette—he is "the hero of the piece"—is the most sympathetic that has been, or indeed can be, done; his discussion of the work of William Graham Sumner is eminently fair, though he dissents; his stripping of the novelists Winston Churchill, David Graham Phillips, and Booth Tarkington constitutes as sustained and acute a series of analyses as we have in recent critical literature: our author's device here is a cold scorn. But when Mr. Chamberlain comes to Roosevelt and Wilson he loses patience and his tone takes on a certain stridency. How much more effective it would have been if the whole narrative had been pitched in a single key, preferably one of irony! That Ida Tarbell, Mark Sullivan, and B. J. Hendrick should end as the apologists of those very industrialists and politicians who had helped muddy the stream of American life; that R. S. Baker should become the official biographer of Woodrow Wilson; that Albert Jay Nock (whose career as a muckraker, curiously enough, is missed by both Regier and Chamberlain) should flee to a Europe and a classical world that exist only in his own imagination: could one seek better subjects for ironical contemplation?

Or let us take Henry Demarest Lloyd, the first and perhaps the wisest of the whole muckraking crew. Lloyd wrote "Wealth Against Commonwealth" in 1894 (neither of our authors gives space to his later activities), as clear-sighted and profound an analysis of the practices of monopoly as we have in our economic literature. But Lloyd, reared in a Calvinistic household, had lived his mature life on the edge of the frontier; what more natural than his refusal to despair altogether of the democratic processes or his hesitation at swallowing in one gulp socialism's strong drink of confiscation and the doctrine of the class struggle? He therefore kept up a running debate with himself and all who would listen, meanwhile seeking release from his perplexities by pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp of reform into whatever distant land he heard it was then located in: into Great Britain and Ireland, from which he came back with glowing tales of the successes of producers' cooperatives and welfare capitalism; into New Zealand, where compulsory arbitration was creating "a country without strikes"; into Switzerland, where the initiative and referendum and government monopolies of railways and alcohol were leading to a nation free of political and economic oppression; into the Baltic and Scandinavian countries, where government-subsidized small hold-

ings were producing a free peasant class. In 1903 he finally trembled on the edge of decision—when he was diverted by the fight Chicago reformers launched against the renewal of the street-railway franchise of the Yerkes crowd. Poor Lloyd contracted pneumonia and died in the midst of his last crusade, the franchise was renewed anyway, and Lloyd went to his final reward with his mind never made up about socialism.

The craftsman, of course, has the choice of his tools, and there can be no real cause for complaint so long as the job is well done. Mr. Chamberlain here has written a first book of which he may justly be proud. LOUIS M. HACKER

Football and Mr. Harris

King Football: The Vulgarization of the American College. By Reed Harris. Vanguard Press. $2.

COLLEGE football is corrupt. College men are morons. College graduates are overgrown children. Professors are numskulls. Fraternities are debased. Intellectual values are ignored. College leadership is vulgar. American education is in a bad way. Such are the revelations that come to a waiting world from the impassioned pen of Reed Harris. This gentleman, as everybody knows, was recently expelled from Columbia University after he had printed some hot paragraphs in the campus *Spectator*. Now his particular brand of doctrine is restricted to the indiscriminate calling of names. Everywhere the ex-editor of Morningside Heights comes upon half-wits, idiots, dodos, morons, boobs. Everything, to him, is ridiculous, whether it be President Hoover or President Butler or any other piece of statuary. Everything is excessively stupid. Mr. Harris will set us right.

Now this type of critical grenade-throwing reads very well in college newspapers, which are usually so stuffy that no issue wider than school spirit is touched upon in them. But for Mr. Harris seriously to put his miscellaneous scoldings together into a general treatise on American colleges does seem a bit thick. No new idea issues forth from his abusive pages. The expectant customer gets only rehash and generality. Carried aloft by the amazing publicity which the *Spectator* episode gave him, Mr. Harris found himself the titular representative of all student reform movements. The rush was so immediate that he had no time to look about him. He seems to have come to regard his own Columbia adventure as the most crucial fact in present-day college life. If he once had any genuine critical authority, the torrid glare of recent notoriety has all but dispersed it.

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

More Disease Fighters

Men Against Death. By Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

IT is only eighty-five years since Semmelweiss discovered that no invisible miasma but plain blood-poisoning was killing 450 mothers a year in one maternity division of the Vienna General Hospital, and cut the rate in ten by a revolutionary step in asepsis—the requirement that doctors wash their hands. In those eighty-five years Schaudinn discovered the spirochete of syphilis, Bordet, before Wassermann, devised a blood test for it, Wagner-Jauregg cured paresis with malarial fever, Finsen founded light therapy, Rollier and Bernhard cured with the sun, Banting found insulin for diabetics, Alice Evans traced undulant fever to unpasteurized milk, Minot fed liver in pernicious anemia, the rebellion against death marched on many fronts.

But with autoclaves, masks, rubber gloves, and disinfectants far beyond Semmelweiss's basin of chlorine water, we still lose 7,000 mothers a year in the United States by childbed fever; we all but ignore Strandberg's cures, with Finsen's lamp, of tuberculars *in extremis;* we have no cure for the common cold; and in seventy-five years our expectation of life for adults has risen one-tenth of a year. The strides have been big, but there are many more to take.

Mr. de Kruif tells of the victories against disease "for all who want to stay young as long as they can and grow old as slowly as possible." He tells of them as he did of the Microbe Hunters, with sometimes too great insistence on the dramatic, but he does not magnify the net gain. He extols the feats of his heroes, but he emphasizes the importance of "upping" constitutional health in both prevention and healing, and in the end he seems to feel that sun and air are still the great life givers. He is properly skeptical of any vast or immediate prolonging of the span of life, and reluctantly so, but he omits from his conclusions the implications of some facts from which he might take hope: that new kinds of technologists are joining the fight—Whitney the physicist with radiothermy and diathermy, Carrier and Kettering and other engineers with air-conditioning, for example; that if, as Pearl shows, lives beyond forty are shortened by hard labor, shorter working hours may lengthen them; and, finally, that psychotherapy already demonstrates cures where pills and the knife have failed. It is a function of popularized science to read hope in facts no less than to prick complacency.

TRAVIS HOKE

Shorter Notices

The Roman Way. By Edith Hamilton. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

Miss Hamilton's contribution to her subject is an intellectual one. Her Romans do not come alive as do the figures in Feuchtwanger's "Josephus," for instance, but we understand them better, and are not distracted by the colors of personality. Miss Hamilton gives us a historical verity built up by a neat and interesting process of synthesis. So remarkable is her success that one turns back in search of a secret. But there is none. She has employed an old method but has made so shrewd, intelligent, and balanced a use of it that it has the force of a discovery. From Roman literature, from the men, manners, tastes, and longings revealed in Latin comedy, drama, oratory, letters, poetry, and history, she has extracted the elements of the composite Roman. This is a distinguished achievement. Together with her previous book, "The Greek Way," it gives us a quite complete and always interesting evocation of the life of classical antiquity.

Porfirio Díaz: Dictator of Mexico. By Carleton Beals. J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.

It is surprising that no worthy biography of Porfirio Díaz has appeared before. Though his technique of self-perpetuation in power did not differ greatly from that of the other Latin American *caudillos,* Díaz towers above them all, partly owing to a circumstance beyond his control—contiguity of Mexico with the United States in the era of our exuberant capitalist expansion. Because of this circumstance, his thirty-four-year imposed peace, combined with the friendliness of American capital, gave Mexico a period of material progress unique in its history. To be sure, it was material progress which did not benefit nine-tenths of the Mexican people, but in that it did not differ greatly from the material progresses, prosperities, and new eras of other lands. The alternatives to Porfirian peace in Mexico, as that nation's tragic history before and since seems to indicate, are

either civil war, intermittent revolt, and anarchy, or briefer, less effective dictatorships—two variants not differing greatly. Díaz was precisely what Mr. Beals reveals him to have been—a Mexican Mussolini. He removed by direct violence or intrigue all who in any way appeared likely to menace his authority. He stifled all expressions that tended toward democratic forms or civil liberties—forms and liberties which the Mexicans had seldom enjoyed before and have seldom enjoyed since. And he became the darling of all the American concessionnaires, who waxed rich by the method of finance and exploitation which our acquisitive society sanctions, but must execute more circumspectly at home. Díaz, in short, performed the task he had set out to perform. His only serious error (like Andrew Mellon's) was that he stayed too long. Had he died four years earlier, or adhered to his announced—but never intended—retirement in 1910, when he was eighty, he would have been remembered as Porfirio the Great. The sequent chaos—inevitable in any event—would have left him almost unscathed in the appraisal of history. So it may be asked whether Mr. Beals's excellent biography does not render too adverse a judgment—however well the facts demonstrate that Díaz was the kind of "strong man" that he had to be in his time and place if he wanted to keep that place a full generation.

Nur Mahal. By Harold Lamb. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Nur Mahal was one of the wives of Jahangir, who occupied the throne in the early seventh century at the peak of the Mogul Empire's power. Jahangir was a sensualist, and an opium addict. It was more or less predestined that a strong-minded wife or a strong-minded minister would take the power out of his indolent grasp. Nur Mahal, a woman of noble Persian birth, took the power, and wielded it in a manner typical of the harem. Mr. Lamb, who has become the chief refurbisher of Oriental glamors for our generation, chooses to see her as an almost modern heroine, and the relationship between her and Jahangir as an immortal love affair. His book is stuffy with literary bric-a-brac from the Orient. It is written in the tone and in the pattern of a novel, and judged as such it must be put down as mediocre.

East of Eden. By Isa Glenn. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

The construction of this novel is unusual. Small but psychologically important details concerning the marriage of a woman genius to a successful architect from an old New York family come out in hearsay, in comment, in direct telling; each item is supposed to add vividness to the story of two artists of totally different backgrounds who eventually ruin each other, so that the woman dies of pneumonia and the man is broken and useless. But the story does not emerge vividly for a number of reasons. The characters seem to have no bodies, they are but so many words on a page; and the incidents, as they are related obliquely in the novel, seem merely petty. Conflict seems always deferred; perhaps it is only blurred by the author's attempt to portray the perpetual frustration of the literary crowd in New York. The novel has none of the dexterity and sureness that characterized "Southern Charm" and "Little Pitchers."

The Homes of the Pilgrim Fathers in England and America (1620-1685). By Martin S. Briggs, F.R.I.B.A. Oxford University Press. $4.75.

That the Pilgrim Fathers built neither as Indians nor as Americans but as homesick Englishmen is now firmly believed by American scholars. The present volume, by an English architect, gives this theory fresh support and a change in perspective, being the product of the first systematic investigation of the subject on the other side of the water. The bulk of the Pilgrims are found to have come from the southeastern counties, particularly Essex. This region has little good building stone and at that time was heavily timbered; its characteristic construction is declared, after elimination of other forms, to have consisted of just the sort of timber frame covered with wooden siding that is typical of the Pilgrim houses in America; and in this it is unique, for "outside this very small area—certainly not more than one-tenth of the whole extent of England—such houses are seldom found." Here, then, was a most curious conjunction—that the dissenters should have come from that part of England which alone could have prepared them so completely for a new country choked with wood but unfavorable, through a shortage of lime, for masonry.

A History of Europe from 1378 to 1494. By W. T. Waugh. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.50.

This is Volume IV in "The History of Medieval and Modern Europe," which is to be completed in eight volumes. The series is a valuable one. The separate volumes, being each the work of a single historian, have an integrity of presentation lacking in the symposium treatment followed in other collective histories. Professor Waugh's contributions to the "Cambridge Medieval History" are among the most readable in that work, and he does not disappoint us on that score in the present volume. He takes up the history of the French monarchy in the final decade of the Hundred Years War and its subsequent revival and expansion; the end of the Papal schism; the episode of Huss and the Bohemian wars; the Turkish advance and the destruction of the Byzantine Empire; and events in Italy, the Iberian peninsula, Scandinavia, and Eastern Europe. Professor Waugh has a gift for orderly narrative writing. From the strictly historical point of view, however, his virtues belong to the past. He parades before us a glittering procession of kings, barons, and bishops. The political history of an era gives us after all as limited a view of its life as a sight of the Capitol at Washington would give us of American architecture. Much else, of course, is added by implication in Professor Waugh's chapters. But he, in common with the vast majority of our historians, has still to learn to apply the new insights that sociology, archaeology, economics, and related sciences have afforded.

The Plays and Poems of W. S. Gilbert. Random House. $3.50.

This volume, uniform in format, paper, and type of binding with the Blake, Donne, and Hazlitt volumes also published by Random House, is, like its predecessors, tough, compact, and handsome. Its 1,280 pages include the complete text of the whole fourteen Gilbert and Sullivan operas, three other Gilbert plays, and all of the Bab Ballads, with the illustrations of the author. There is a preface by Deems Taylor.

Music

The Golden-haired Standard

I WENT to the Philadelphia Orchestra Concert the other evening chiefly to hear and report on the new Ravel Piano Concerto, in which Sylvan Levin was the soloist. The reporting is quickly done: The Ravel concerto is about as good and about as bad a piece as Mr. Gershwin would like to write. It is another depressing reminder of the terrible waste Ravel represents—a truly phenomenal talent possessed by a man who has no longer, if he ever had, any appropriate use for it. The skill and imagination with which Ravel has calculated the sonorities of this new piece are in keeping with what we are used

to from him; there has probably never been a keener ear or a more discriminating aural imagination. But the cheap triviality of the material in the concerto is appalling. Even the shallow but amusing sentimental irony that used to be his chief distinction Ravel has discarded; this work, like the "Bolero," simply sets out to be pleasing in the most superficial way, and its gilt surface wears thin before one has heard the whole thing once. Ravel is said to have intended to write not a profound work but one to exhibit the pianist's virtuosity; and to have spent two years upon its composition. This is leisure-class art with a vengeance: two years of one of the world's great talents, for the composition of a work which, except to exhibit the means a pianist should use toward ends in this case absent, has no value whatever.

Not that Mr. Stokowski was not right in playing it. Until now a new work by Ravel has always been of interest as the product of a man who had shown a talent so extraordinary that when he said something—always of minor importance in itself—the manner of its expression compelled attention and admiration. But if the "Bolero" and the Concerto indicate a tendency which is to persist, new works by Ravel will not much longer continue to be important events.

It would hardly be fitting to devote to Ravel the major portion of a review of a concert by Mr. Stokowski, so I shift the spotlight to the latter—the more willingly as there are many things I should like to ask him. For whose benefit do you give concerts, anyway, Mr. Stokowski—yours or ours? You are entirely right in shutting out late comers during the progress of the first complete work on your program. But if your purpose in closing the doors punctually is to avoid disturbance during the playing of the music, why do you rush up to your platform and begin the concert without any notice, so that the first half-dozen measures are lost in the banging of seats and the shuffle of feet of those still in the aisles? The first half-dozen measures of a symphony are usually important measures, aren't they? As important, say, as the introductory measures of Debussy's "Cathédrale Engloutie," before beginning which you were able to wait so long for complete silence? Surely you have as much respect for a symphony of Sibelius as for a hackneyed piano piece of Debussy and its anonymous orchestrator.

Tell us, too, Mr. Stokowski—what inner spiritual community did you perceive between Sibelius and Stravinsky, so close that it prevented anyone from taking his seat between the end of the Sibelius symphony and the beginning of Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird Suite"? I should have thought, myself, that whatever unity of mood there was on your program was shared by the "Fire-Bird" and the "Sunken Cathedral" rather than by any other two works; yet it was just between those two that you chose to make an intermission. Whom would it have disturbed, Mr. Stokowski, if you had allowed the late comers to come in at the end of the symphony? The rest of the audience? You don't really think so. The orchestra? Their composure is not so easily ruffled. You? But don't you realize, Mr. Stokowski, that you're supposed to be playing for our benefit, not yours, and that we pay you money to put up with the nuisance of having us there at all? Or is this all tactics, and do you really believe that the more temperamental you are, the better we like it?

Two things make all these extra-musical matters really important in your case: the fact that your affectations enter too often into your music itself; and your undoubted extraordinary talents, as well as your willingness to use them in behalf of "debatable" music, by which you have for years put us in your debt. In performances like those of "Wozzeck," the "Gurrelieder," and many other modern works which we know only through you and the League of Composers, you have given us what only your particular gifts and zeal have made possible. We owe to you infinitely more than to numerous

H E L P !

A CRY OF HUMANITY!

Stubbornly, callously, Governor Rolph of California cynically declares he is "through with the Mooney Case".

BUT ARE YOU THROUGH WITH THE MOONEY CASE?

Is there a man or woman in all America, in all the world, with a spark of honesty of spirit or pride of humanity, who can breathe freely while TOM MOONEY IS BURIED IN JAIL, the victim of blackest reaction and official stony-heartedness?

TOM MOONEY MUST BE FREED and YOU MUST HELP FREE HIM!

All the overwhelming evidence of perjury and frame-up, only partly exposed in the Wickersham report, and the unshaken Callicotte confession, are being brought before the California courts, and other "legal" steps are being prepared. Unavoidably large expense is involved. **Unless this expense is met, our legal arm is completely paralyzed.**

HERE YOU CAN HELP! YOUR DOLLARS WILL BECOME THE LIFEBLOOD COURSING THROUGH AN AROUSED AND DETERMINED HUMANITY!

Your every dollar will add another stone to the already dimly discernible monument of victory of real justice between man and man.

YOU MUST HELP FREE TOM MOONEY by sending A DOLLAR—more if you can—to the TOM MOONEY MOULDERS' DEFENSE COMMITTEE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

other conductors who can never be charged with excess of temperament, or affectation; and we are grateful to you for giving it to us—with or without intrusion of your personality—since in unfamiliar works we do not recognize and therefore are not bothered by the interpretative idiosyncrasies that often mar your Bach and your Brahms.

But stop and think, for a moment, what would happen if you, or your public, really began to place less value on your whimsies; if you were really to rely on the things most other conductors rely on—things which you have in no smaller measure than they. Would it really be so much less satisfactory to be admired chiefly for your noble interpretations and your adventurous spirit—instead of for your unpredictable temperament? There was a time when "modern" composers too were admired chiefly for the surprises they were able to prepare. But surprises can pall, Mr. Stokowski, and I only suggest that it may not be long before conductors' audiences will go off the golden-haired standard; will, despite the debt they owe you, tire of your unpredictability, or the affectation from which it too often springs.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

The Comic Way

IT is no new thing for me to admire the plays of S. N. Behrman. Ever since the Theater Guild produced his "Second Man" some six years ago he has seemed to me not only to be one of the most talented of our playwrights but to stand for something quite individual and definite. Comedies—so called—we have in abundance. Wit and shrewdness are fairly common, and, indeed, they are so much in the air that otherwise quite mediocre writers seem sometimes able merely to absorb them, as it were, from the general atmosphere. But comedy, in the sense of a definite philosophy of life in whose terms the events of a play are consistently interpreted, is extremely rare. It implies, of course, far more than merely a sense of fun. It implies the willingness and the power to see all of life in a certain way, and it is just this which Mr. Behrman possesses. Quite unequivocally he takes his stand on the side of the chief comic virtues—intelligence, tolerance, and grace. The passions concern him only as something to be analyzed and understood, never as something to be shared, and it is because of that fact that he achieves true comedy. Life, his plays say, can be interpreted in this way. Life can also be met in exactly the same way. Those who think their way through it achieve grace and a kind of peace. Those who refuse to accept what good sense makes plain become grotesque and tortured. It is unreason and perhaps unreason alone which can make men sublime, but it is doubtful if sublimity is worth the price one must pay. Brief moments of ecstasy may well be surrendered in exchange for the detachment, the security, and that sense of mastery which understanding can give. Men cannot be great, or just, or heroic; they can be amiable, graceful, and intelligent.

Not, I think, since his first work have any of Mr. Behrman's plays exhibited his characteristic qualities so satisfactorily as they are exhibited in "Biography" (Guild Theater)—a comedy which holds the interest of the spectator from the first scene to the last and can hardly fail to command the respect of even those whose temperaments are most alien to its spirit. Ostensibly the story is concerned with the conflict of character between a woman of the world and two men who cross her orbit—one a rising politician of the conventional type, the other a valuable but frustrated revolutionary who despises the aloofness of the heroine almost as intensely as he despises the hypocrisy of his adversary. But though the story is told (as the story of a comedy must be) in terms of these individuals, it implies as much as one cares to print. The three leading figures represent the contemporary embodiment of three possible attitudes toward the world. One is the eternal idealist, one the eternal opportunist, and the other that rarer but still eternal thing, the individual who is content with a tolerant personal integrity because he does not believe that the issue between the other two can ever be fought out to any conclusion on the stage of this world. In this play it is the individualist who is left in possession of the field. The two men go their ways, and one knows that they, or at least the things they stand for, will meet many times again. But one knows, too, that the spectator will also be there, and it is to a defense of the virtues of the spectator that the whole is really devoted.

"Biography" is not actually a very merry play. It seldom bubbles as, for example, the same author's "Brief Moment" did almost continuously. But it is, on the other hand, firm and sinewy, intelligent and sincere. Possibly no piece which has neither the hilarity of farce, the tension of melodrama, nor the sentiment of what is ordinarily called comedy can achieve the widest kind of popularity. But "Biography" will prove a delight to all who can appreciate the clarity of real intelligence, and the Theater Guild is to be congratulated for producing admirably one of the most interesting plays of the season. The burden of the acting falls upon Ina Claire, who plays the woman of the world with superbly effective restraint, and Earle Larimore, who also does well with the probably more difficult role of the young idealist.

"Alice in Wonderland" (Civic Repertory Theater) is another performance which ought not to be missed. With infinite ingenuity Miss Le Gallienne has translated nearly every one of Alice's adventures to the stage, and so preserved their almost indescribable spirit that one loses but little while one gains the vividness of dramatic presentation. The costumes and make-ups are triumphantly literal re-creations of the Tenniel drawings, but they are hardly so remarkable as the way in which the strange blend of sheer fantasy with elusive but penetrating satire is preserved. I must confess that it was painful for me to hear some of the sallies greeted with a kind of laughter which indicated that these same sallies were unfamiliar; but this response of persons uncultivated enough to be ignorant of the original was proof that the dramatization was almost miraculously successful. Certain of the scenes, especially those involving the two chess queens and the interpretation of The Walrus and the Carpenter by means of life-sized marionettes, were particularly successful, but nothing else is so significant as the fact that the general spirit was admirably preserved. The play, like the book, fascinates and tantalizes one by the reality of its unreality, by the sense of its nonsense. Not even Strindberg's "Dream Play" actually catches so successfully the feel of a dream—the inescapable logic of things known to be unreal and the insistent but never quite graspable relevance of fable or allegory.

"Walk a Little Faster" (St. James Theater) has nothing discoverable to do with Alice beyond the fact that it lifts its title from one of the many poems to which she was so unwilling a listener. It is, as a matter of fact, a rather unusually disjointed musical review. However, the presence of Clark and McCullough and of Beatrice Lillie was enough to make it extremely entertaining. Miss Lillie, by the way, is not only on the stage a great deal of the time but is very nearly at her best.

Revivals of recent plays have a way of being discouragingly uninteresting, but George Kelly's "The Show Off" (Hudson Theater) stands up remarkably well. It is still funny and, like all Mr. Kelly's plays, has an undertone of acrid comment upon American life. It should find a place on any list of standard American plays.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH